

DIVINE
His Book
DIALOGUES.

2 x Dives's Doom. 20 n o
VIZ. } Sodom's Flames. and 6
Abraham's Faith.

2 v o l. CONTAINING
The Histories of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, The Destruction of *Sodom*,
And *Abraham's* Sacrificing his Son.

To which is Added
Joseph Reviv'd.
OR,

The History of his Life and Death.

By George Lessy, Minister of the Gospel.

— *Herbert's Church-Porch.*
A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flies,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

L O N D O N,
Printed for Charles Smith, at the Angel near
the Inner Temple gate, F. 1678.

Christian Rupell
Her Book



To

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To the Right Honourable *Charles*
Earl of *Westmoreland*. &c.

Right Honourable,

THOUGH the Author's obscurity, and unworthiness of the ensuing Poem, may in Justice forbid either your Lordships Patronage; yet the swift-wing'd fame of your Honour's goodness, giving life to my harmless ambition, hath emboldened me (though with trembling Heart and Hand) to make this poor address. Not that I have, or dare have, confidence to think it worth your Lordship's acceptance, being the frozen conception of one born in a cold Climate; but that the enlivening Beams of your Honour's Patronage, may screen it from that contempt and obloquie it might otherwise meet with in a hotter region: On this and no other score is poor Aeschines's gift presented to your Lordship. Favour therefore noble Sir, my begger with a Serene Aspect. And if your Honour think him worthy, grant him the regard of being one of the meanest of your Lordship's Closet inhabitants; and for his fidelity, take the word of a Priest, he'll neither steal nor flatter.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

His beginning is divine and so I hope is his rise, though he be not adorned with so much Eloquent bravery as this Golden-tongu'd age boasteth of; yet I dare say, he will stammer out so much truth as may inform the Reader, that the Kernel not Shel, the substance not shew of Christian Religion and Piety is to be minded. I might I confess have drawn the Matter to a longer Thread, had I not feared that it would neither please your Honours Eye, nor become the Hand of,

Your Lordships,

most Obedient.

George Lesly.

*Wittring, June 14. 1676.

To

To the R E A D E R.

Having in a small essay declar'd my self a Lover of the Muses, I have now ventur'd upon the Stage, not ignorant of the fate that attends pious Poems ; that of the Poet being no less true than common. *Pro captus lectoris habent sua fata libelli.* I discern a Cloud (I might say crowd) of Carpers, for they will be of all sorts. The Learned whom I honour, and would be glad to imitate, may think my Style antick, Matter raw, Plots ill-laid and worse managed, and no party well humoured : To them I grant all, because they could better have answered wise mens expectations in such an enterprize. Yet I hope that the expression is neither so rude, nor the matter so indigested, (though that be not so tumid, nor this so taking as the Genius of the present Age requires) but that they may out-live the rigour of a sober censurer, and prove beneficial to some. The Lady that weareth a Ruff with a loose Gown ; the Gentleman with the high Crown'd Hat, and Wooden heel'd Shooes, may call it plain old *Eng-
ish*, and good Morality at least.

I know

To the Reader.

I know there are Courteous as well as Critical heads, these may let my Pamphlet alone ; 'tis intended for the other. If the Stage-Poet frown, all I shall say to him is, Though my Muse be not tuned to his Key, yet my mind transcends his Apollo.

Majora Cano.

But if all men put a fair construction on what Glu
they find here, and read, with the same intention
I wrote it, not only to divert idle hours, but to de-
ter them from sin, who will not trouble them-
selves with an impartial Scrutiny of Holy Wri
for an Antidote ; and to promote Divine Faith and
Charity among Mortals in this faithless and fro
zen Age. If this I say be done, my time (I hope sick
in Writing, nor theirs in Reading, will be mi
spent.

Farewell.

word I

The Persons.

Dives, a wicked Rich man.

Pride. { his Friends.
what Gluttony.

Huntsman.

Servants.

Lazarus, a Begger.

Poverty. { his Attendants.
hopelessicknes.

Death.

Sexton.

Chirurgions, Masons, Carvers.

Mourners.

Angels, good and bad.

Abraham.

Threnophilus, one who writeth his
Epitaph.

Prologue.



The Prologue.

These humble Lines to all men cry aloud,
Bidding them shun Hell's horrour Styg' an flood
In Heavens Language, ev'ry Neophite,
Must learn to say, mercy Lord, I'm not meet
To tread thy Courts; nor cast a hoping Eye
Upon a promise, till I do espy,
My Sins transferred on a Saviour.
And then, O then! begins that happy hour.
When dismal Clouds of wrath shall disappear,
And Sunshine mercy overspread the Sphere
Of thy poor weather-beaten Soul, and then,
Thy Tongue shall bless God; thank the trembling pen
Of him who rais'd thee out of deepest sleep,
E're death succeeded; wishing thee to keep,
The wholesome Lawes of him who can destroy
Thy Soul, or give it everlasting Joy.
These are the ends I have propos'd, and do
Wish they may prove effectual to you.
If sense, not swelling words have leave to speak,
Know, it is you, not yours that I do seek.

D. ye



yo

D I V E S S D O O M,

OR,

The Rich Man's Misery.

Dives, Pride, Servants.

Div. What Monster's this li'th at my noble
Gate, bedawb'd with leprous spots ? what cruel fate
Attends the caitife ? What unhappy Star
Rul'd at his birth : that such his mis'ries are ?
While happy I, who scorn the Divine Powers
Am glorious; by Nature's help and yours.
Doth not the World behold my heaps of Gold
With cov'tous eyes ? *Pr.* Yes, it was always bold.
Div. This stately Fabrick that is by me made,
Do not all men admire ? *Pr.* Yes, most have said :
You're he, and only he, dare boldly say,
The life of Man is constant holy-day.
The earth with all its fulness smiles on you,
And we its dearest Minions, serve you too.
Rise from your rich, embroyder'd Bed, I see
This petty sight would emulator be,

B

OF

Dives's Daomy, or,

Of those resplendant Rubies that hang round
Your Couch: and those, wherewith your Head is
(crown'd.

See ! how the num'rous Atoms daunce and touch
Your lofty Brow, as if they did think much
That their own Brats should have so near approach
To your admired worth; they but encroach.

Rise up, and let your Purple, Red, and White,
Exceed the Sun in beauty and delight :

Call, call your Waiting-men, that they may dress
And fit you, for your golden Busines.

Div. Who's there ? *Pr.* What ! Slaves, do not
(you hear my Lord ?
Good Servants always answer at first word.

Serv. We come, what is your Honour's will ?
Div. That ye
Perform your Offices, I'll dressed be.

Serv. What Cloaths to day, Great Sir, the Hea-
vens frown ?

Div. What ! Purple and fine Linnen, worse I
(scorn.

Pr. Good, good immortal Sir ! why should you be
Serv'd with the Emblems of Mortality ?

With Russet, Flaxen, or the courser Stuff,
Since your rich Wardrobe can afford enough,
To speak you Non-such, bring the Crimson Suit,
(You may at pleasure have a new recruit.)
Finest Silk Stockings, Shooes of golden Cloth.
With best of Beavers (never touch'd by moth ;)

The

The Rich Man's Misery.

The largest Chain of Gold, and Diamond Rings,
Never as yet put on ; all other things
Are ready. Barber, are your Razors good ?
Come, shave your Master, but beware of blood.
Powder, Perfume, Pomatum, and the Glass,
Bring. Let my Lord see his admired face.
Haste with the golden Bason, silver Ure,
In place of water, Wine put in that's pure ;
This will not only wash, but strengthen all
The Members of my Lord both great and small :
The Scarlet Cloak forget not, Cuffs and Band
Of Lace, see ! how the Fools amazed stand :
Groom of the Chambers call to make a fire,
Perfuming first the Room at my desire ;
Thus is my bus'ness done. Now I retire.

*Gluttony, Dives, Lazarus, Huntsman, Pride,
Poverty, Sickness.*

Glut. Hail, glory of the world, and more than
(Man !

Since Brother Pride hath serv'd you what he can :
I think it's time for you to take advice
From me ; Drink first your Mornings-draught
(with Spice.

Here Sir, accept the Quintessence of Blood,
Distill'd from the Oppressed, taste, it's good ;
And here the widows house, a greater Dose ;
The next's a Cordial from the Church's Cloaths :

4 Dives's Doom, or,

These (I presume) may serve you till you dine,
E'r then what you expect, I will designe. (pleases !

Div. Thanks dearest friend, O how this Spirit
Sure 'tis *Nepenthes*, cure for all Diseases ;
It is *Ambrosia* or *Nectarian Juyce*,
The Gods (them selves) no better drink can wish :
I certainly enliv'ned am all o're,
My Soul it self is greater than before. (Sun,

Pr. I'me sure your eyes shine brighter than the
Now Thunder speaks, make Earth-quakes, I have
So all that's called Man, thy threatning voice/done
Shall fear, and we your Vassals must-rejoyce.

Glut. Sir, if your greater busines permit :
I have one word to speak (if you think fit)
This Beauty-broker minds not that the Clock
Saith, It is time, your Stomach to unlock.
His trimming without food can never please ;
You know Dogs only hunger bear for ease.
Come Sir, your Table's richly furnished.
Pray give you o're and let my Master feed. (Wine,
Here's Manna instead of Bread, here's sprightly
Here's flesh of all sorts, delicate and fine ;
With Sweet-meats store, and all may gratifie
And please my Lord his Palat and his Eye.

Div. Was ever Man so happy in his friends,
As I in mine ? their kindness never ends ;
For which on them my Substance I'le bestow,
(If that be not sufficient, Soul too.)
Open the Casement, pray let in the Air ;
Hark, hark, what voice doth to my Ears repair.

Laz.

UMI

The Rich Mans Misery.

5

Laz. One crumb for God's sake to a hungry
soul, and you may be assured he (Soul).

Div. Go, ask the Huntsman why the Dogs do
not bark at us (no bark of) (houl).

Laz. One crumb for Heav'n's sake to the hun-
ger-starv'd.

Hunt. 'Tis not the Dogs, a Beggar would be
serv'd.

Div. Prodigious boldness ! dare that meazled
(whelp)

Approach my Parlor-window to seek help ;
Must he, a very mass of loathsome (lascivious) Name God or Heaven? (these do disturb my bless)
No, Huntsman, whip him while his life doth last,
And say, the rich man sent that for's repast.

Hunt. Come Leprous Rasbal, here's a wyred
cord (cord) With which I'll scourge you, you've disturb'd
(my Lord) : Thou know'st that Heav'n & Earth can ne'r agree,
How then should our great Dives suffer thee?
Who, what he e'er expects enjoyeth here,
Though such as Fools are, think there's more else-
(where.)

Come, I must whip thee dead, 'tis his command ;

Laz. First, let me tell you on what ground you
stand, Though his great favours smile on you this day,
To morrow's frowns may call them all away :

And then the lash may be bestow'd on you :
 Which heard, the Huntsman (making humble bow
 Said, Sir, what are you ? *Laz.* Do st not plainly see
 Me, one (to look on) fraught with misery,
 View me all o're, if any part be free,
 I'll not desire compassion from thee.
 If otherwise, take heed thou dost not wrong
 My Lord and Master, who will be too strong :
 For thee, and thine; Though he may from me take
 This painful life, he whom I serve, can make
 It up, with interest a hundred fold.
 (Yet pardon me, if I have been too bold)

Hunts. Make but these words clear to my duller
 (brain,) And then I will forbear; if I be slain
 In place of thee ? What do st thou say to this ?
Laz. My answer's short, thou art not far from
 (bliss,) Could'st thou but see all unto me belongs,
 Thou would'st conclude that all corporeal wrongs
 Are Skin-deep only, while my better part
 Rejoyceth always, when my wounds do smart,
 Knowing that without tribulation doth not
 I never can possess that station
 Bought with the blood of an eternal Son !
 Ponder this well, and then God's will be done.

Dives. What mean' sth the cursed Block-head to
 (delay) His torture thus. *Hunts.* I'm charm'd, and what
 (to say)

The Rich Man's Misery.

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I know not, for he saith, he hath a Soul
Impassible: if so, I dare not foul
My hands with blood, for which I answer must
Before the Judgment seat of him that's Just.

Div. Whip him, or die, Rogue, if that will not do,
My Dogs are keen, I'll make them eat him too.

Hunts. Sir, I must do't, you must your shoulders
I will strike easie, though I dare not spare.

Laz. Will not Heav'n woo thee? Is thy Masters
Sharper then hellish Torments? Flaming Sword,
Mark them about me stand: who will defend
Thy worst of bloody blows, and then will lead
Thee to the place prepar'd for crueltie,
Where *Dives* also shall a sharer be.

Hunts. A Vision! I dare not touch this man,
Who hath an Angel for his Guardian.

Div. A Fool, an Angel, you flew high last night,
Your brain is dry, eyes dim, there's no such sight;
Old Nurses only scare their Babes with such,
Believe nothing, but what ye see or touch.
Call out the Dogs, *Rockebod, Old Lady, Ring,*
And you shall see that they mind no such thing;

Laz. Peace, gentle Hounds, forbear to do me

Hunts. My Lord, he can't the Beagles also charm,
Sir, do but see, how they lie at his feet,

Div. Then call them in, hang him, it is not meet

That Wizards (such as he) should have relief and
From him, who never was sensible of grief.

Laz. Hang me, why so? you see I have no spell,
But that may keep such as your self from hell.

Div. He makes me tremble, fill the other cup,
When Dinner's o're, I'll see him hanged up.

Come eat and drink, if this must be my doom,
I'll lose no time (I swear) before it come.

Hell! I have that within me, there's no other
Which I resolve to drown. Come, fill another,
A third, a fourth, fist, and then as many more,
I'm sure the Beggar's God hath no such store
In his *Elizium*.

Laz. There pretty Dogs, lick on your health-
ful tongues, Make satisfaction for your Master's wrongs;

But Good my Lord, one morsel to the poor,

Div. Peace wretch, you shall be hanged at my
(door.

Laz. For God's sake, Sir, bestow i the crumbs
From your full Table on him, who doth call
For Christ and Pity's sake to be relieved, no He
My sum is honest, Pray Sir, be not grieved.

Div. What tell'st thou me either of Christ, or
(Pity?
This is my House. I expect no other City.

Laz. But to relieve the Poor's the way to bliss,

Div. Give o're, you Rascal, there's no Heav'n
(but this.

Here's

The Rich Man's Misery.

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Here's all that I can wish for, or desire.

Laz. No, Here's no screen to keep thee from Hell-fire ;
Nor is here any fence 'gainst powerful Death,
Thou, thou, proud *Dives*, must resign thy breath.

Div. Ha!ha! this canting Rogue would terrifie
Me also with that *Mormo*, I must die.

Pr. I wonder, Sir, you have the patience
To speak, or look on such, bid drive him hence.

Laz. I wonder more that he should dote on thee,
A painted Devil, Soul's great Enemy ;
While the Almighty's Power upholds the house ;
Thou fawn'st and flatter'st, but if he let loose
His Instruments, Want, Sickness, Pain or Age,
Thou fleest, then men must Act, or leave the Stage,
Without thy aid, Angel's and *Adam*'s foe
Cease thy delusions, let great *Dives* go.

Pr. Sir, do not ye hear this malicious wretch,
Tis want of Bread that makes him use this fetch
To draw you in for this his wants supply.

Pov. No, thou'rt mistaken, if he still deny
Or give to *Lazar*, either cannot hinder
The wholsom Precepts he shall to him tender ;
For having learn'd content in all Estates,
He can endure cold Frosts, and Summers heats.
Let him be pinch'd with want, abound with

(wealth,
All's welcom. Sickness is to him as health :
His needy Belly, and these noisome Sores,
Are called by him Harbingers to stores

Of

Of endless Joy, the thoughts of which doth raise
His Soul above the World's Envy or Praise,

Sick. True, true, dear friend, for when men
(are brought low

By me, they study only Heav'n to know,
Although my various pains disrobe their faces
Of earthly glories, they augment their graces.
The true accountant of his days did say,
Before affliction, I went astray.

But being touch't by my Morbifick hand,
His eyes were open'd, and he saw a Land :
So full of glory (though a King before)

He'll there throw down his Crown, and keep the

Where Sunbeam-Beauty sat upon his brow
So bright, so long, that *Mesbeck, Kedar* now
Are black and ugly, Heav'n alone can please,
Such are th' effects of this good man's disease.

Pr. Great Sir, this drift you easily may 'spie,
They would have Friendship broke 'twixt you

(and I,
Old friends are always sure, beware of new,
There are Religious Cheaters, not a few ;
Is any one so mad to think that heav'n,
When ballanced with Gold, can carry ev'n ;
No Sir, leave these to such far-hoping fools,
They may be hurt, who meddle with edg'd tools.

Div. Their words are vain, thou art to me
(most dear,
I hate their persons, and give b're to hear

The Rich Man's Misery.

11

Their favourleſſ discourse. Come, let me drink,
This babbling makes me melanchol' I think,

Pr. Chear up, great Sir, ſhall your coura-
gious

Soul
Be daunted with the whooping of an Owl;
Shall croaking flesh-crow-sounds diſturb your
Far be that from you. Take eternal reſt.

Glut. Here's *Lethe* water will make you forget,
That ever *Lazarus* was heard as yet.

Div. O! but my head akes, and my ſpirit's dull.

Pr. I haſte, of Cordial, bring a brimmer full.

Glut. Be of good cheer, this draught is for your

good. Div. Oh! oh! oh! oh! Now, now I feel my blood
Returning to its Centre; and my eye,
The greatest Object doubl'd doth eſpie.
Oh, hold me, all my limbs begin to ſhake;
Hold me, O hold, or else my poor heart will break.
Who's there? O who's there! O what friends have I
To leave me thus in my extremity.

Who's there? oh! who's there? Laz. All your friends
are gone!

Div. Canſt thou not help? Laz. Yes, but I'll let
alone,

To see if your belov'd Fraternity,
Dare ſhew their heads to promife certainty
Of a reprieve. Div. Dear Pride where art thou now?

Pr. At hand; but cannot help, I've made a Vow,
Never to own, or ſpeak to dying men.

Div. Delitious Gluttony, where art thou then?

Glut.

Glut. Here Sir, but all in vain, your passage stops.

Div. May be for Meat, yet bring the gold'n
My Essences of all sorts, now bring out. (drops,
A friend (be damn'd) he never stirs a foot. (be

Glut. Why should I, Sir, though I was sworn to
Yours unto death; now you must pard'n me.

Div. Ah wretches! who would trust you. *Lazarus*,
where art thou? *Laz.* who would be abused thus?
What think you now of your forenoons discourse?

Div. Good *Lazarus* forbear, that makes me worse.

Laz. Then you must die, as once before I said,
Though you, and yours then nothing of it made.

Div. Nothing so true. Oh! oh! what sight is here,
A *Sceleton* brings in an empty Beer.

Death. *Dives.* (O bleeding, O

Death. Sir, I arrest you at th' Almighty's suit.

Div. I know him not. What man on Earth dare

Death. Do not your out-cries speak you prisoner.

Now better words become you, do not err.

Div. I scorn to please a *Bailiff*. What's my charge?

That I will pay; and thee thy fees at large.

How'er 'tis strange that any should me sue.

I never borrowed, nor lender knew.

Death. The last is true, the first a horrid Lye;

All that thou hast is borrow'd; for which I

Do execute this Warrant without Bail.

Div. Stay, first set my goods to sale.

Death.

the Rich Man's Misery.

13

Death. Goods, thou hast none, a judgment past
(long since.

Div. Judgment, you Rogue, I never ow'd two
(pence.

Death. But you're a Bankrupt and must defray
All now. *Div.* What are the Bills that I must pay.

Death. I have a many, whose total's transgres-
(sion.

Div. Then bail'd I may be by your own confes-
(sion;

And I can have the best in all the Land.

Death. No mortal dare your action take in hand.
To Goal you must. *Div.* I'll pay before I go.

Death. You lived blindly, and you will die so.
Do not you hear? what? *Dea.* your own Conscience

Cry, guilty, guilty. *Div.* Yes, I must go hence.

Treasur's farewell, Pride, Gluttony and Pleasure,
This is the last, Death giv's me no more leisure;

Else I would question you of treachery;

For crying, *Hail*, and yet to Crucifie

Your Noble Master. *Death.* Such things said before
Might have done good, but now you must give

(ore;

Time's Glass is almost out, Eternit' enters;

The worst of men sometimes are late repenters;

Which can in no case mitigate Hell's flame,

Death. Haft' any more to say, I strike the stroke.

Div. No, no, you need not, my heart-veins are
(broke:

Augh— augh— augh— g-o-l-d-dead.

Death.

Death. Lazarus.

Death. You smile, and yet you must my Captive Laz. Most joyful news (dear friend) then I shall

(see This

An end to all my ling'ring days ; in grief,
Is any thing more welcome than relief
To weather-beaten Seamen, when the Waves
Of boystrous *Neptun* clasps his open Jaws
About their Vessel, forc'd by Wind and Tide.
Or to the Sould'er when he hath espi'd
The Enemy triumphing on his ground, (sound
With flaming Steel and conqu'ring Trumpet
Unto the hungry Soul what gives more life,
Then sight of Butler's lib'ral hand, and knife,
Ready to cut that may his app'tite stay ;
Or to the weary Pilgrim on his way,
What's greater joy, than when he sees, and when
His friends receive him safe return'd agen.
Such straits had I in all my life, yet still
I sought to be submissive to the will
Of my good God, and shall I quest' on now
That Strength and Goodness, which I ever knew.
No, thou art welcome as the Harbinger,
To call me hence, where my affections were,
All this sad time that I have liv'd on earth ;
No man's more willing to resign his breath.

Death. Thou'rt not afraid of death as *Dives* was
Laz. No Sir, you see that I have no such cause.

Death

Death. You are a debtor too, and't must be paid.

Laz. Yes unto nature. What my sins have made
Me liable to th' Law when Christ did bleed,
He said, that from the same I should be freed ; (is ;
Whose Cross my Crown, and Blood my Treasure
This being so, pardon I cannot miss.

Death. Then thou art ready. *Laz.* Yes, through
(Heav'ns Grace,

And hope e're long to see his blessed face.

In Glory. Who is that behind you stands ?

Death. It is an Angel into whose blest hands,
You must resign your Soul. Now I must see
The Rich Man's Funeral Solemnitie.

Pride, Sexton, Chyrurgions, Masons, Carvers.

Pr. This loathsome, pale-fac'd Death, made me
(retire

when from my deceased Lord, whose last desire
Was, That you Sexton ring his passing Bell ;
And you Embalmers dress his Body well ;
And that you Masons out of Marble Rock,
Dig for his Statue a substantial Block, (more,
Length sev'n foot, breadth four and somewhat
or's just dimension (as he was before)
You'r wish'd likewise who Mallet use and Tool,
To cut th' Effigies while his wandring Soul
With miriads of years 'bout *Lethe Streams*
was range, drink and sleep, until his newer Dreams
use.

Remove

Remove him to the fair *Elizium*,
Where none but such as my dear *Dives* come.

Sext. Master, I went about your just Commands,
But flaming Spirits stood and held my hands,
Saying, That since you, you had damn'd his Soul,
He was no better if the Bell did towl :

Though then at Pray'r, these unexpected words
With stranger Faces and prodigious Swords,
Repell'd my spirits so, as I seem'd to be,
As fit for my last Fun'ral Rite as he.

Pr. Well, 'tis no matter, I and Gluttony,
In spight of Heav'n and Hell will Ringers be.
Chyrurg' ons view the Corps, and spare no cost ;
We do too little when we do the most :
For our dead Father *Dives*, by whose breath,
All men received either life or death.
Though we 'bove all, as Trustees, must our skill
Use, till we have performed his last Will.
An't shall be done, Artists, what say you to't ?

Chyr. Sir, Art availeth not; we cannot do it ;
The sparkling Glow-worm yesterday shin'd bright
Melts into Rottenness : A horrid sight !

Pr. Where is the leaden Coffin ? put him in.

Chyr. Nor this Sir, can we do, he hath no skin.
His flesh and bones consume, nothing remains :
So save your Gold, good Sir, as we our pains.

Pr. Is't usual for dead men to do so.

Chyr. No, no, it only speaks where he's to go.

Pr. Why ? He's already in th' *Elizian Groves*.

Chyr. Be not deceiv'd, Heav'n no corrupt' on love

Pr. An

Pr. And do you truly think his state is bad.

Chyr. We do so truly, and think your's as sad
Without Repentance. *Pr.* Now I know ye rave.

Chyr. We knew what we should have, no more
(we crave.

Pr. Mas'ons, where is the Stone that I bespoke
For's Statue? *Mas.* Coming hither it was broke.

Pr. I think we shall be cross'd in each design.

Mas. We ne're were so till now, 'tis a bad sign.

Pr. I never heard so much of these till now.

Mas. Such om'rous things may make a proud
/ man bow.

Pr. Bow! with a Pox! then what must the most do.

Mas. We answer soon, learn to be humble too.

Pr. Be gon, ye Rogues, about your businels.

Mas. From such as you, we ne're expected less.

Pr. Carvers, have you no such already made?

Car. Yes; but we must take pains about the head;
which we with artificial hairs must cover,
And in his hands put bags of Gold however.
Now Sir, it's done according to your mind.

Pr. Come take your Mony, I'll have that's be-
/ hind:

Mourners.

*Thrice cursed be the day and Fate,
That did our bliss obliterate ;
Our golden Mine is now shut up;
Its owner drinks of Styg'an Cup ;*

While we his Votaries do groan,
 Being depriv'd of him, alone,
 From whom we all our living had,
 All but his Flatter'r's wanted bread :
 His Friends (though few) he loved well ;
 Since for them he would go to Hell ;
 Where we must leave him, and repent,
 Ere our last glass of time be spent ;
 Or else we must expect that Doom,
 To which he is too surely come,
 For his neglect of Pietie,
 Of which he would no lover be :
 Our Tears are vain ; then let's give o're,
 And take possession of his store ;
 It is sufficient that his Glory,
 Will live as long as Sacred Story ;
 And name of Dives will be sweet,
 To every earthly Proselyte,
 Who make their God of gilded clay,
 Till Heav'n, as him, sweep them away :
 There needs no Tomb, most Rich Mens Purse,
 Wrap him, as Children, by their Nurses.

Death, Angel, Lazarus.

Death. Friend Lazarus, how like you my return !
Laz. Well, though your absence gave me cause
 (to mourn)
 Had not the glor'ous Light you left behind,
 Made my past mis'ries vanish from my mind.

Death

Death. Doth not the Doom of the Rich Man af-
(fright

Thy feeble flesh. *Laz.* Ne're while I see this Light ;
Which I am sure is earnest of that bliss
I shall receive when come where Jesus is.
Keep me no longer here, I am most willing ;
Thou canst not hurt me having lost thy Sting.

Speaketh to *Laz.* And you, if sent from God, to be my
the Angel. *Ang.* (Guide,
Hold fast, dark night, rough way, may make me
(flide.

Ang. Joy of thy Lord, I'm come for that same
(end,

To bring thee safe to Heav'n, he did me send :
Whose will I always cheerfully obey :
Yet e're we take our wing, pray let us stay,
And talk of your Adventur's here below :
This I desire. *Laz.* I'll tell you what I know.
What entertainment had you all this time
On earth ? *Laz.* As *Cynthia*, now Full, now Prime :
Or as bright *Phebus*, whose resplendant Rays,
Give heat and light to the renewed days,
And yet are sometimes wrapt in Clouds and Mist,
That if he shine or not, it is not guest ;
Or when pale *Luna* overshades his face,
So various was my state, while in this place.

Ang. Is there not then 'mong Mortals difference ?

Laz. Yes, that's one cause, for which I would
(go hence.

Some swim in pleasure, some are drown'd in want,
(Though this last happens where true Grace is
(scant.)

The Rich oppres the Poor, the fat devour
The lean, and yet this lasteth not an hour,
Being compared with Eternity.

Ang. Do not some say, that they shall never dy?

Laz. Yes, so said the Rich Man but yesterday.
Now I am almost weary of my stay ;
For though I'm glad to see your glorious light,
I long to see my God, who shines more bright ;
Into whose presence I desire to be.

Ang. I have yet one word more to say to thee.
What were thy thoughts of Heav'n when thy di-
(stres)

And sores were grievous ? *Laz.* You may eas'ly
(guess.)

I never yet despair'd of *Shaddai*'s help,
Though men look'd on me as a leprous whelp.

Ang. And think'st thou that such Misers come
(to bliss ?)

Laz. The Scripture saith, To such God's Pro-
(mise is.

Ang. Trust me thou dar'st then with thy happy
(Soul.)

Laz. Why should I fear ? Since you dare not
(controul)

Your Makers Mandat ; who desires that ye
Ne'r leave my better part, till plac'd it be

In *Abraham's* bosom, where I shall inherit
More than *Elisba's* or *Elia's* spirit.

Ang. This pleaseth well. What thy last words
(may be,
I'll hear of Mankind's treble Enemy.

And so go hence : The Flesh, the World, and Hell,
Are those I mean ; b'ing such since *Adam* fell.

Laz. The Devil a Lyar is, whom I defie,
And ever did, you are my witness, by
His black suggests, that did my Maker rob
Of's Glory ; I despis'd, and shar'd with *Job*,
In's dunghil scabs, and rather than commit
A wilful trespass, I would to the pit
Have gone alive, he hath a murd'ring mind,
Although he flatter, let him get behind.
As for the alluring world, th' Almighty knows,
It never received ought of me, it owes
Me many common favours, fare it well ;
'Twas better want them, then have gone to Hell,
Poor flesh, I am a debtor unto thee ;
Wait but a while, my Lord will satisfie
With Interest, what e'r I took on score,
Enough for all ; thou shalt revive : Nay more,
Thou shalt be glorifi'd with Christ thy Head,
At Day of Judgment, when he 'wakes the dead.

Ang. This true Confession, makes the glorious
Earth is not worthy of thee, come with us :
Death strike him gently, he's the adopted Son
Of *Abraham*, where I leave him, and have done.

Abraham. Lazarus. Dives.

Abr. Welcomē dear Child, now I am filld with
(joy,

To see thee trample all did thee annoy.

'Tis Faith, and Hope, and Love that helpt thee
(hither :

Two of which cease, the last shall never wither.
It's Summer always here, here's no Hail-showers,
To stock the fruit once set, or blast the Flowers.
Of bliss eteanal. Pray look upon me,
My faithful Son, whom I have long'd to see ;
Here take this Crown, this Royal Diadem,
Adorn that head, which formerly with shame
Lay on the Dunghil. Let thy spotted skin
Henceforth be glorious, as thy Soul within.
Prepare thine ears for the uncessant noise
Of Saints and Angels, who do all rejoice
At thy admission to this Sacred Quire,
Where all their Hymn's are fraught with Divine

(fire,
And none do sing of any thing but love.
That's our eternal bus'ness now above.

Laz. All praise to the Almighty, through whose
I fought the good fight and have won the race. (Grace,

Abr. Raise thy Immortal Voice another Key.
Thou must sing Halelujahs night and day
For ever — *Laz.* Halelujah —

Devil.

Devil. Did my dark chains and torments fierce
(permit,

I should rejoice to see Great *Dives* sit
Here pin'd with anguish, thirst, and cold,
While my dear Friends consume his ill got Gold.
How fare you Sir? How like ye your remove?
The Scene is alter'd, since you were above.

Div. Ah me! What ruful sights? what squalid
shapes,

Of Bears, and Wolves, and Tygers, ugly Apes,
Devouring Vulturs; and that which is worse,
Damn'd Furies foaming under Heav'n's curse.
Fire, fire, O fire! dreadful, sulphureous.

Devil. Such entertainment you must have
(with us.

Dives. I freeze, I fry, and cannot get way.

Devil. Stay, first for Purple, and fine Linnen pay.
You took on trust; your quintessence of blood
Must be exchanged for the *Styg'an* flood.
The pleasure you have had for some few years,
Is ended, after which eternal tears
Must have succession. *Div.* O! what glorious light
Do I see, shining through the gloomy night;
And place, with fairest Diamonds and Pearls
Beset and floored, fit for none but Earls,
Or such as I once was. What Sun-like Sage
Is that? his face bespeaks him of great age.
And who is that li'th in his glor'ous arms?
Sure, 'tis some *Cupid*, who fond nature charms.

Devil. Nothing but Nature yet, I thought this
 Of chains might have assur'd there was a God,
 Whose habitation is the place you see.

Dives. Then curst be they, who have deceived
 (me.)

Devil. That ancien's *Abr'am*, and that glorious
 (youth)
 In's happy arms is *Lazarus*, whose mouth
 You once forbid to shew his wretched case,
 Or give the least relief. *Div.* Alas ! alas !
 Will neither of them help me, if I cry.

Devil. Twill but augment your torment, you
 (may try.)

Dives. Father, dear Father *Abram*, ease your
 (Son,) Who li'th in torment, else he is uadon.
 My misery's so great, I cannot tell :
 But ah ! too sure it is the fire of Hell,
 Which heretofore none could make me believe ;
 Yet dearest Father (if you can) relieve
 Me from this torment, reach thy helping hand ;
 If not, send *Lazarus* ; who thy Command
 is ready to obey, and let him dip
 In cooling water, but his fingers tip,
 Which he upon my scorched tongue may drain,
 To quench this flame, which I cannot sustain.

Abr. Son be content, time was thou wouldst
 (not see,) (Without disdain) this poor man's miserie.

Nor

Nor wouldest give the crumbs fell from thy Table,

To satisfie his Soul ; when thou wast able,
His fortunes to have rais'd, to such a pitch,
That none but *Dives* might have been more rich:
Then thou thy portion hadst while wretched he,
Lay in distress, unpitied by thee.

Dost not remember these things ? *Div.* Yes, O
(Yes !

Is this the cause I am depriv'd of bliss ?

Abr. And good cause too, wherefore give o're to
(grieve,

There's none in Heav'n or Earth can thee relieve.
A fixed Gulf, betwixt us ever shall
Unmoved stand, God's Justice, brazen wall ;
So that no heir of Heav'n can come to thee,
Nor thou to them, for ease of misery.

Dives. Then pray you send him to my Father's
(house,

I have five Brethren there, are very loose ;
They're also feeding fat for this sad slaughter.

Abr. Tush, News from Heav'n, will only make
(their laughter.

For they who drowned are in earthly pleasure,
Have this hard fate, ne're to repent at leisure ;
Or mend that is amiss, but spend their day,
In eating, drinking, rising up to play,
Till they are fall'n asleep : Their golden Dreams,
Are never well interpreted, till Streams

Of fire and brimstone from the higher powers,
 Rain on their heads for ever. *Div.* O, these Showers!
 Would I were turned to some Marble Rock,
 Or had at first been made a sensless Block.

Oh! that great hills and mountains might us swallow;
 (low;

Or that (like Bruits) I might for ever wallow
 On Earth, and have no other count to make.

Abr. Give o're, give o're, and these your tor-
 ments take,
 As from a just, and sin-revenging God,
 Who will'd you once to bear a lighter load.

Div. O! but my Brethren, Sir, know not my
 (Doom.

Abr. They'll know't (I doubt) too soon, when
 (they are come
 To that same place of torment where you are.

Div. Then send, O send, Sir, e're they go too far.
 Is not the gate of Heav'n ope' while they live?
 They may repent, and God their sins forgive.

Abr. Tis but in vain to send one from the dead,
 Se'ing he can say no more, than may be read
 In *Moses*, *Isai*, weeping *Jeremie*,
 And all the rest whose Inspirations be
 Divine. Then cursed wretch, thou must give o're
 To cry, bidding Adieu for evermore
 To Heav'n, where *Lazarus* must now remain
 With me, and thou in Hell's tormenting pain.

The Rich Man's *EPITAPH*,

FOR

The EPILOGUE.

Here li' th the *Man*, who never did
Good while he liv'd, nor *Vice* forbid :
Here li' th the *Man*, who to his *Wealth*,
Trusted his *Souls* and *Bodies* health :
Here li' th the *Man*, who out of *measure*,
Glutted himself with *beastly* pleasure ;
For which his *hungry* *Soul* and *dry*,
Is doom'd *eternally* to *fry*
In *Hell*. *A* warning unto those,
Who in *base* *Earth* their *trust* *repose*.
His *Sentence* *past* ; *let* *such* *give* o're,
God's *just* *still*, *as* *he* *was* *before*.

Avertat Deus hoc malum à nobis.

F I N I S.

1918-1920

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R

FIRE And Brimstone ; OR, THE DESTRUCTION OF Sodom.

*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise
perish. Luk. 13. 3.*



The Persons.

Prologus.

Angel. God.

Angels of God.

Abraham.

Sarah.

Sodomites.

Lot.

Lot's Sons.

Devil.

Lot's Wife.

Chorus.

Prologus And a

Geoffrey Street



Prologus.

IF any think my Buskin is too much,
Like to Satyr ; know, 'tis not a touch :
If the Physician can a Gangrene kill,
He must use Corrosives as well as skill ;
Else putrid matter will infest the part
That's sound, till it hath seized on the heart :
This is too often seen to be disprov'd ;
Let not the courteous Reader then be mov'd,
If I have laid the Axe to the Tree's root,
Thinking to fell it. O ! that I could drot.
If Lot's Wife, who was led by Angel's hand,
Scap'd not God's Judgment, but doth Pillar stand
Of Salt. And seeing Justice doth begin
With House of God, must we not all fear sin ?
That Adam out of Paradice did cast ;
And after him, drown'd the old World at last ;
And

That slaved Israel four hundred years ;
And costs each Heav'n-born Child much bring
What say I, tears ? for it the Son of God (tears :
Sweat drops of blood, and bore a heavy load
Of wood, for's Cross, and then resign'd his breath,
That who believes might not taste second death.
For it is Sodom burnt, our present Theme ;
We must beware of Sin, or bear the blame.
If we give way, this Circe will bewitch
The best. The fire's hot made of wood & pitch
But hotter far, that's kindled by the breath
Of Sin-revenging God, eternal death.

FIR

UMI



FIRE and BRIMSTONE,

OR,

The Destruction of Sodom.

Angel, God, Abraham, Sarah, Angels.

Behold, how *Sodom* swaggers in its Pride,
 And Lust, and Gluttony ! none is espied,
 That thoughts of Heaven have ; or bowe a knee :
 But one poor Stranger, who adoreth me.
 My Servant Lot : whose holy Soul they vex ;
 Because there's no distinction made of Sex
 Nor age, But all promiscuously do go,
 Like Goats and Leopards that all they may know
 Each other. Come, we will go down and see,
 Those horrid facts ; whose cry has come to me.
 I am the Holy One who sit above,
 My purer Eye cannot such things approve.
 The Soul that sinneth, it shall surely die.
 Awake my Just revenge, I'le down and try :
 If they my handywork who are but clay,
 Dare quarrel with their Potter and say nay :

D

But

But we will do it. Who can us controul?
 What profiteth Religion, since the Soul
 Is mortal as our flesh and cannot rise?
 Let's heap up sin on sin, and heav'n despise.
 Put on your walking habits : Let us go
 And view the place, to see if it be so.
 Yet there's a trusty Friend lives in our way
 By Mamre Grove : there we must make some stay.
 See, Yonder is the place where Sun doth shine,
 Gilding the Oakes whose tops seem to encline :
 To bid us welcome — — — (high,
 Angels. Eternal Son, true Day-Star from on
 It is our honour that we may draw nigh
 So great a Light, and be employ'd by thee ;
 To execute thy Will we ready be.

Ab. Sarah, Sa. My Lord. *Ab.* Do'st not see
 strangers come ?

Sa. I do, I do, 'tis well you were at home.

Ab. Their gate bespeaks them great : I'le run
 and see,

Walking on foot perhaps they weary be.
 Al-hail my Lord, if I have favour found
 With thee : pass not from off thy servant's ground,
 Untill a little water fetched be
 To wash your Feet, and you under this Tree
 Rest for a while, it being almost noon ;
 You shall go on as soon as Dinner's done :
 For therefore to your servant are ye come — —

Ang. 'Tis true ! go quickly, do as thou hast said.

Ab. Up my dear Sarah now I lack thine aid,

Of

Of Meal three measures thou shalt dress: & knead,
Cakes on the hearth make of it, we want bread,
And I my self will bring a fatted Calf:
Out of the herd, young man dress you its half.
Bring Milk and Butter hither unto me:
With Veal both roast and boil'd, my Lord you see
Your homely dinner, Let your Friends take place.
Where the Almighty eats, there needs no grace:
Accept such things as you are pleas'd to send
To your poor Servant who will you attend.

Ang. These Favours I will certainly requite
Upon thee and thy Wife who's out of sight.
Where is thy *Sarah*? Is she not at home?

Ab. Yes, in the Tent. *Ang.* Then why did she
not come?

For I intend, about this time next year
To come again, and she shall surely bear
A Son: though *Abraham* be old, and she
Have no fore-runner of a pregnancie.

Sar. Ha, ha, Is not this likely to be true?
Have I been thus long Married to you,
Without Conception? shall my nutted Breast,
And barren Womb procure a cleansing Feast?
No, I shall sooner far expect my grave:
Than that such Pleasure you and I should have.

Ang. Hark; *Sarah* laughs, good *Abra'm* tell me
She cannot be thy Wife; if she deny (why?
That the Almighty can all Natur's laws
Reverse, dilate, contract as he see's cause.

Or thinketh she that any thing on Earth
 Can be too hard for him, who gave all breath?
 Once more I say I will return, and she,
 This time next Year, shall Joyful Mother be.

Sar. Alas! What shall I do? he did me spie
 Laughing, yet Woman-like I will denie,
 I did not laugh. *Ang.* Nay, but thou didst, forbear:
 He cannot be deceiv'd who's Eye and Ear.
 Arise, Let us go hence: a fearful stink
 Comes to my nostrils, from that filthy sink,
 Whose crying sins do hasten its decay. (way.

Ab. Pray let your Servant bring you on your
Ang. Well *Abraham*, since thou hast served me
 So faithfully, nothing shall hidden be,
 Of all that I am now about to do,
 Here I will all relate before I go.
 For thou shalt surely a great Nation be:
 And all the World shall blessed be in thee,
 The Sin of *Sodom*'s great, its dreadful Cry
 Hath long since sounded in my Ears, now I
 Am come to see: armed an angry Judge,
 Without repentance there is no refuge:
 But Fire and Brimstone from the Lord shall fall,
 And shall consume those cursed Cities all.

Ab. Wilt thou not then the righteous in it
 (spare? *Ang.* Thou know'st long since that great my
 Mercies are. *Ab.* If there be Fifty righteous in the place,
 Shall not thy Justice run a flower pace?

Art thou not of the World the holy Judge?
If thou do otherwayes 'twill make men grudge:
We do confess thou'rt infinit in Might:
Yet let the Judge of all the World do right.

Ang. It Fifty in it be I will return:
And for their sakes, I'le not at this time burn
The Cities—

Ab. Since thou a gracious Ear do'st to me lend,
Who am but dust and ashes, I'le yet spend
Some of the breath thou giv'st me, and desire,
That if there want five, yet that dreadful fire
May not be kindled. *Ang.* If but five there lack
Of fifty, I'le not burn it for their sake.

Ab. What if but fourty, Lord, what wilt thou
(do?)

Ang. For fourtie's sake I'le spare the Cities too.

Ab. I plead for mercy, let not anger burn:
If thirty there be found, wilt thou return?

Ang. Yes. *Ab.* But if twenty

* Just, do there remain? * *Just*, Just

Ang. For twentie's sake, I also Persons.
will refrain.

Ab. Let not my Lord be angry, this once more
I'le speak, What if you find but half a score?
Speak Lord, a grac'ous answer let me hear.

Ang. Ev'n for Ten's sake I also will forbear.
Now get thee home, I'le make no more delay,
The Angels at *Let's* house do for me stay.

Chorus.

Mamre from henceforth let thy grove
 Renowned be, because Jehove
 Daigned to rest in thy cool shade,
 And with our Master Dinner had.
 Cake, Milk and Butter : sav'ry meat,
 Two Angels with their Lord did eat.
 Which done, Jehovah did requite
 Old Abram's kindness : whose delight
 Is to refresh the weary Stranger,
 And to relieve the weak from danger.
 The fear of God he always keeps
 Sure, when he either wakes or sleeps.
 El-Shaddai in his faithful Eye,
 Is all-sufficient Treasurie.
 He with the Lord a Cov'nant made,
 And he with him, Jehovah said :
 Walk me before and perfect be,
 Then I no good will hold from thee.
 Of Children thou complains, thy Wife,
 According to the time of life :
 At my return a Son shall bear,
 To usher in the next new Year.
 Our Mistress needs not doubt the thing,
 That's promised by Salem's King.
 Let her laugh on, but not distrust,
 What Heaven sayes fulfilled must.

Be.

Be, see how on her Marble face,
 A rich Vermilion taketh place ;
 The Rose and Lillie are at strife,
 Who shall have most in Abram's Wife :
 Her shaking hands and feeble knees,
 Put on their youthful Liveries.

And is not Abram altered,
 Since t'other day the Angels fed
 At's Table ? Doth not ev'ry feature
 In's Face, declare a God of Nature ?
 Quick eye, quick ears, and nimble feet,
 Strong legs and armes, do not ye see't ?
 'Tis said that Eagles onely do
 Renew their age. — Abram too,
 Go happy Couple ; let your new
 Rais'd vigour unto the World shew
 A resurrection from the dead,
 In both of you by promis'd seed.

Isma'il thou must give o're to hope,
 That thou shalt be our Families prop :
 Thy Mother Hagar must forbear,
 O're Abram's Wife to domineer.]
 It is not fit that hand-maid-drudges,
 Should be of Mistris actions Judges.
 If she intends to live in ease,
 She must her grieved Mistris please :
 And thou thy unborn Brother serve,
 Or be cast out o'th' house and starve ;
 For we are sure to have an Heir ;
 Of whose Flesh God will take a share :

And in it die that we may live,
To whom, Let's ever praises give.

Angels, Lot, Lot's Wife.

Ang. Father pray tell us what is this Town's
(name?)

Lot. 'Tis sinful *Sodom*, too well known by fame,
That hath already flown o're earth to heav'n.

Ang. Pray what a clock ? Lot. My Lords 'tis
almost Ev'n.

Ang. Can strangers any entertainment find ?

Lot. Yes Sir with me(if you to stay have mind)

Ang. Is there no house in Town but yours
that's civil ?

Lot. None, none My Lords, all imitate the
Devil.

Ang. Then what of this bad City will become ?

Lot. If God be Just 'twil have a sudden doom.

Ang. What Judgment's fittest think'ft thou
for their Sin ?

Lot. Brimstone and fire suits best those burn'd
within :

With lust unnat'ral, Ang. If it should be so,
What wilt thou do ? think'ft thou to perish too ?

Lot. No Sir, I do not, he whom I do serve,
Will send his holy Angels to preserve
Me ; as from sin, so from the punishment,
That from the Heav'n's on *Sodom* will be sent.

My Lords come in, we'll talk more in the house,
For when night comes our streets are very loose.
You shall this once take harbour here with me,
Nor shall you leave my Cottage till you see
Next morning Sun. Here's water, wash your feet,
My Wife and Daughters shall take care for meat.

Ang. Sir your good nature merits well of us:
Yet will the Street be better than the house,
There we will stay. *Lot.* My Lords that must not
be :

You shall have welcome, pray turn in with me,
The ends I have upon you are but civil,
Then if I urge, you must not take it evil.
This is a cursed Town, and if you be
Wrong'd in the street, the blame will lye on me.
Wife try thy skill, see if thou canst perswade
These men ; we never yet such Lodgers had.
If God in likenes of a man may be,
The man that speaketh most must needs be he.

Lot's Wife. Husband were I such as the Town
affords,
I might invite them with such Sugar'd words,
As neither I nor they I think approve ;
Flatt'ry I hate, if they become in Love,
They will not pass our Door ; come good my
Lords,

My civil actions shall confirm my words.

Ang. Your courteous invitations take a place
With us. *Lot.* My Lords I'm glad I have found
grace,

To

Fire and Brimstone ; or,
To Lodge such persons as you seem to be,
And that you'll eat such victuals as you see.

Chorus.

Our hearts are griev'd to see
Those Men in Jeopardy :
Who Lodge with Father Lot,
On him will lye a blot,
Who doth them entertain :
If they shall now sustaine
Any harm in the night,
By the Sodomites might.
The Town already knows,
And have made bitter vows :
That before the Sun rise
They will secure the prize ;
If Heav'n come to their aid,
They will not be afraid.
Where Lust doth rage and swell,
There is no thought of Hell.
No Monsters liker unto Devils be,
Than men giv'n up to filthy Sodomie.

Sodomites, Lots Sons, Lot, Angels.

Sod. A prize, a prize ! run, call the Town to
gether,
The beauties of World are now come hither : That

Com

Come let's not lose this opportunity,
At *Lot* the stranger's Houle, the Gallants lye.

How canst thou tell? I saw them enter in,

Sons. Such persons to defile 'twill be a Sin:

Besides the old man hath perswaded them

To stay, if this be done; he'll bear the blame,

Forbear. *Sod.* You punies, you'll be Godly too,

Is this the way you do his daughters woo?

Son. And we would have you so, could we per-
swade.

Sod. Ha, see how like they grow to their old
Dad;

Go get you hence, we'll make no more delay.

Give o're to plead, or you shall dearly pay

For your sobriety, come out ye Rogue,

Bring forth these strangers, do not time prorogue:

We hear they're beauties, 'tis but what they owe,

Being within our Town, we must them know.

See how he shuckles, old Rascal do not dally

With us, nor time; see it not the City rally

About thy House? 'tis but in vain to think,

That thou shalt eat our Bread or drink our Drink,

And not submit thy self unto our Will.

Lot. All your requests (if just) I will fulfill.

hope these boyft'rous words are all but Jefts.

Sod. Confounded Dog, bring forth thy hand-
some Guests,

Or by our great God *Priapus* we swear,

That we thy Body will in pieces tear.

Lot.

Lot. My Lords, this rudeness is not strange to me,

Be not dismaid, I will go out and see
If my grave presence can make them give o're,
However after me I'le shut the Door.

Brethren I do not understand your humour,
What is the cause that ye make such a rumour
I' th' street at this time, and about my Door ?
Neighbours be rul'd, this wickednes give o're.
And if your Beastly lust cannot refrain,
But that these strangers you with sin would stain,
See here two Maids of mine who Virgins be,
Use them at pleasure, and let these go free.

Sod. Rogue, runagate, slave, think not that thou
must,

Make such exchanges to restrain our Lust,
Who made the'a Judge ? If we be rul'd by thee,
Then must we bid adieu to Buggary.
But hold, stand back, or we will break the Door.

Lot. Help, help, O help, these Villains pres' me
fore.

Sod. Hark, this mad fellow thinks to have
Rescue,

Whence must it be ? from Heav'n I warrant you
Heav'n ! help, indeed of that we're not afraid,
Though it and Hell combine ; their feeble aid
Cannot reprise the Prisoners within,

We are not fear'd with punishment of sin.
There Bald-pate God-adoring Rascal, take you

that ;

How pretily he looks in's dimpl'd Hat ?

The Destruction of Sodom.

25

Now open to us. ————— strikes again.

Ang. Belov'd of Heav'n, we see thy willingness,

To curb these wretches, and our grief redrels ;
Come in to us, and we'll secure the Door ;
Blindness shall make these Brands of Hell give o're.

Sod. He is a Devil, he'th bewitched me,
And me, and me, and me, and me.
I'm blind, I'm blind, and cannot find the Door,
By Heav'n nor I, I fear we must give o're.

We see their God can help them in a strait,
And cool our courage ; let us leave his Gate,
Begging him pardon ; for if we stand still,
He that hath struck us blind can also kill.

Not I, for though I see not, I can feel ;
And if I catch the old knave, I will deal
Worse with him than before : In spite of Heav'n,
We may in time with him also be ev'n ;
For if he does not ope our Eyes again,
He and all his to morrow shall be slain.

Ang. Besides thy Family, do'st any pity,
Daughters, or Sons-in-Law, within this City ?
If any, call them, those we'll not annoy :
But all the City else we will destroy,
Because the cry is wax'n great, we must
Reduce all Living in it into dust.

Lot. Sons now take warning, get you from this
place

Quickly, the Sun shall not twice run his race
From

From East, to West, before destruction shall,
(Reward of lust) on wicked *Sodom* fall.
God saith it, and I'm sure it will be done,
Sons if ye love your lives get ready soon,
To go with me —

Sons. Sir, this you told all of us long ago,
And yet nothing is come to pass you know ;
You old and fearful are, your brain is dry,
Before that it be so, we shall espy,
Unusual signes from *Heav'n* if any be,
Such things we may believe, but never thee.

Ang. Lot. God give thee good Morrow, dost leave
not spy,

The Sun in this Horizon mounting high ?
Hast, get thee hence, with Daughters, Sons and *Ang.*
Wife,

Nothing that stayes behind shall keep in life.
You must out of the City speedily,
Lest for its sin you all consumed be.
Come there's no time to stay or look about,
He that would not be burnt must get him out.
Why do you linger? pray give me your hand.
Yours Madam, pray give me, we cannot stand ;
Your God is merciful and full of pity,
And hath sent us to bring you out o'th' City.

Ang. Deus. Scape for thy life, shake off all
Worldly cares,
When God afflicts, all such things are but snares ;
Trust not to humane help, 'tis I who fight,
And nothing's able to resist my might.

Go look streight forward, if thou turn thy back,
Or any that is thine, then I will make
Thee feel the smart of my afflicting Rod.
Fly to the Mountains, lest Almighty God
Consume thee with the City. *Lot.* Not so Lord,
Since I believe according to thy word,
And have found grace in saving of my Life,
As likewise have these two poor Girls and Wife.
Into the Mountains Lord, I cannot fly,
Lest there some evil take me, and I dye ;
Add to thy former favours out of pity,
Do leave for to flye unto the neighb'ring City ;
Tis but a little one, my Lord it give
Into thy Servant, and his Soul shall Live.
s and *Ang.* Dear friend, to shew thee what respect I
bear,
To thee and all thy Servants, this I hear,
And grant what thou desirest ; flye in hast
To thy entreated shelter : while thou'rt past
The City Wall, my powerful hands are bound
With cords of Love, while thou art on this ground
Although my Just revenge doth burn and chafe
I can do nothing, till thou art come safe
To *Zoar.* _____

Chorus.

Chorus.

Curs'd be the day when we,
This stranger first did see.
Curs'd be the mouth that spake
To us, that we should take
This wretch within our Walls,
Who Studieth our falls.
And hath with Heav'n conspir'd,
That Sodom may be fir'd:
There is no remedy,
We must destroyed be.
Come, yet let's endeavour,
To get the Rogues favour.
If he will but once pray,
We're sure Heav'n will stay
His hand, and will revoke
This sad and fatal stroke.
Rise, let us to his Gate,
(Perhaps it's not too late)
And give his guests good words,
The best Sodom affords:
If these do not take place,
Then there will be no space
Between us and the fire:
I augh ! I must now retire,
Here's such a loathsome smell,
That nothing (if not Hell)
Can the same parallel.

The Destruction of Sodom.

49

Angel-God, Sodomits, Devil, Lot, Lot's Wife.

Ang. The Sun shines bright, and *Lot* almost at home

In *Zoar*, now must *Sodom* have its doom ;
Gomorah also *Admah* and *Zeboim*,
The fifth, I will reserve as yet for him.
Awake my Justice, and let dreadful streams,
Of *Fire* and *Brimstone* darken the Sun-beams ;
Once more let *Heav'ns* Windows open'd be,
That *Lot* may fire (as *Noah* water) see.
Shut up those bowells full of mercy are,
And neither young nor old i'th' Cities spare.
Raise thickest *Smoak*, and make a sulph'rous smell,
That living, they may know the paines of *Hell*.
Perhaps 't may warn all those that come behind,
To know, and walk according to my mind ;
If not, while I am just they must be sure,
Those, or such dreadful torments to endure.
He that sheds blood, with blood must punish'd be,
For lust and anger fire's the destiny.
I'll stamp my curse on all things for their sake,
This fruitful plain shall be a stinking Lake.
If any fruit for ever after grow,
It shall not be for Food, but only show.
Sod. Oh *Heav'ns* ! I'm choack'd with *Smoak*,
I'm burn'd with fire,
O *Brimston*, *Brimston* ! Where shall we retire ?

E

We

We dye, we dye, O may this be the last
 Of Heav'ns dreadful Sentence on us past !
 We're burn'd and damn'd, there is no remedy ;
 We would not hear *Lot*, when he bid us fly
 From wrath to come. O how our Limbs do
 crack ~~noober~~ ~~and~~ ~~thine~~ ~~won~~ ~~and~~ ~~of~~
 With fire ! Our Conscience is upon the rack
 For by-past Crimes ; our beastly Lusts Torment
 Us, as the precious time that we have spent.
 O wretched Nature, whither hast thou brought
 Us Fools, and made us sell our Souls for nought ?
 Luxurious Eyes, why were ye so unkind,
 To dote on objects, who have made you blind ?
 And you Tenacious hands, why did you grasp
 The Poyson of the Spider ? Why from Wasp
 Did you seek Honey ? did not Heav'n bestow,
 As upon *Lot*, so also upon you,
The Lawful helps, and remedies for lust ?
 Was not all this enough ? but that you must
 In spite of Heav'n, lay hold on all that came,
Although they ~~man~~ his members had or name.
Could not a lawful Wedlock satisfie
Thy burning flame, proud flesh ? No, thou must
cry
Bring out thy handsome Guests, them we must
know,
Not knowing that they were not from below.
 Whose Just revenge doth make us miserable,
 To bear these scorching flames we are not able.

And

And yet alas ! our wo doth but begin,
The vengeance is Eternal that's for sin.
O that *Lots* God would grant us a reprieve
But for one hour, that wretched we might live,
To wail our by-past sins ; and beg his aid,
Who never yet to humble sinner said,
I scorn your plaints, but always graciously
Prepar'd a bottle for a melting Eye.
And piece-meal Pray'r's made whole with his own
merit,

Sa'ing be comforted, 'tis you must inherit
My endless Joy ; which sentence now doth pierce
Our Souls so much, that we cannot rehearfe
Our woes, though Oh ! alas ! it is too late,
We must expect nought but Almighies hate.
See how the Devils laugh, whom we have serv'd :
O cursed Sp'rits it's this we have deserv'd
From you, for all those things that we have done
At your Comand ? — *Devil.* Give over, blame
not me ;

You know I did but only gratifie
Your own desires, I never could command,
Or force your wills ; this the Almighies hand
Was only able to effect, but ye
With your unbounded wishes wearied me.
You made the Tinder, then from me beg'd fire ;
Half what ye did was never my desire.
You sought the newest ways to damn your Souls,
For which we Devils do account you Fools.

Your state might have been happy when at worst,
 If you had not me, and your Natures forc'd.
 If we Apostates had such promises,
 And helps as you ; No sinful false surmises
 Of feign'd fruition (of I know not what)
 Should e're have made us spirits forfeit that,
 You were assured of by *Heavens* word ;
Viz. Whosoever turn'd unto the Lord,
 Should have their crimson sins made white as
 Snow ;

Their Scarlet ones like Wool ; and what they ow
 Cancelled out of Gods omniscience Book,
 Ev'n all sins trumpery, that they ever took
 On trust : and after death should all receive,
 Glory in Heav'n, as much as they could crave.
 Did not your consciences many times
 Speak, when you acted these unheard of Crimes ?
 Then why did ye not say Tempter forbear ?
 This, this ye did not, being voy'd of fear,
 Of either Heav'n's anger, or of Hell,
 Till scorching flames of a Sulphureous smell,
 Forc'd you on former actions to reflect,
 Which heretofore you ever did neglect.
 This you will find a good Apology,
 When you to Heav'n's Tribunal called be ;
 Then you shall hear what I already said,
 That if you had implor'd th' Almighty's aid,
 He would at all points, so have armed you,
 As all my fiery Darts should ever bow

And

The Destruction of Sodom. 53

And never pierce, But since your free election
Was sin, you must not grudge at your rejection.
You are my Prisoners, and Hell your place,
Where you shall never see the blessed Face
Of God in mercy, but for ever must,
Burn with his wrath, for your unnat'ral Lust.

Lot. Come Wife, why dost thou tarry so behind?

Wife. I am a Woman, can I be unkind?
Have we not dwelt in *Sodom* several years?
Can I behold its flames, and not shed Tears?

Lot. When Heav'n is angry, we must be so too,
Wife. Ah Husband! flesh and blood this cannot do.

Lot. But flesh and blood shall not inherit bliss,
This truth we fully see confirm'd in this
Sad fire. *Wife.* O Husband, Husband! see the smoak,

The Town is fir'd. *Lot.* No, it will provoke
My God, who hath his mercy magnifi'd,
To grieve, that I've not with the City died.

Wife. I must look back, let come of it what will,

What God hath promised he will fulfill.
I shall not dye. *Lot.* Fond Woman say not so,
Thou must perform conditions, if thou go
Alive to *Zoar*. *Wife.* O! I'm sensless struck.

Lot. Who break God's precepts ne're have better luck.

Wife. Help Husband e're I dye, I fixed stand,
 My mouth is full of Salt. *Lot.* It is God's hand
 That strikes ; his blessed will I'le not controul,
 However, Lord have mercy on her Soul.

Chorus.

Beware of Sin, for God abhors
 Impenitents, and all their scores,
 With pen of Iron graves in stone,
 Which he'll produce when time is done.
 Of vengeance if you would be free,
 Beware of Lust and Gluttony.
 This drowns the Soul, that doth it kill,
 Though Christ for it his blood did spilt.
 The man that doth attempt the Crown,
 Deserv's not to have kindness shewn.
 Christ's honour is his Crown, yet we
 From time to time attempters be ;
 Though he be patient and forbears,
 As witness his Jerus'lem Tears ;
 Yet at the last, when he doth come
 With all his Angels ; then our doom
 (With Majesty) he shall repeat,
 When we can neither Bribe nor Cheat
 The Judge, nor Fary, but submit
 To those that hurry to the Pit ;
 Where we must be depriv'd of bliss,
 If we make Sin our business.
 Then let us look on Sodom's flames, and say,
 From Sodom's sins, deliver Lord we pray.

FINIS.

The P^{re}lude

Abrahams

FAITH

Πάντα δύναται τὸ πιστεύειν. *Mark. 9:23*

πάντα δύναται τὸ πιστεύειν. *Mark. 9:23*

Tragedy

The Persons.

Prologus.

Hagar, Abraham's Hand-maid.

Ismael, Hagar's Son.

Abraham.

Sarah.

Isaack.

Angel.

Midwife.

Devil.

Faith.

Flesh.

Despair.

Abraham's Servants.

Chorus.

Epilogue.

Prologus.



Prologus.

Ret not to see a Tragi-Comedy,
Written by one, who thinks no shame to be
All things to all men; Pedant, Player, Fool,
Provided he may gain a Sin-sick Soul ;
And bring him back to his first Love and Lord,
Using no other Spel than Heav'ns word.
The Atheist I do first Court and say,
Sir, you're invited to our homely Play ;
Where, if you look with Abraham's faithful eye,
You mercy in a Mystery may spie.
The disobedient Child, I do invite
To come, and view with me this happy sight.
Young Isaack, who submitteth to the knife
Of Abraham, from whom he first had life.
The tender Mother may also draw near,
And hear or read these Lines and never fear,

Abra'm by God must only tryed be,
The Boy by him, and then delivery
From Heav'n will come, or if the World's worthies,
Will daign a look, or stoop to catch such flies
As I have brought; or can spare any time
From greater matters to read humble Rhyme,
They're welcome. Sick men also from their beds
May come, and have a Pillow for their heads.
He that is fit to hang himself may come,
Here is a Ram already in his Room.
In fine, of all sorts, comers welcome be,
To see Heav'n's Wisdom, Pow'r, Philanthropy.

Hag.

Abraham

Amida

Abraham's Faith,

Hagar, Ismael, Abraham, Sarah, Midwife.

Hag. **A** Las poor Boy, our comfort now is o're?
I never knew what 'twas to grieve
before.

How often have I solac'd in the Armes
Of thy dear Father? Oh! but now the charmes,
Printed by Heav'n upon my Mistress face

Are irresistible, alas! alas!
Ism. Why Mother, why? was it not always
so?

Hag. No Child, thou'rt ignorant, thou dost
not know;

It is not long since Old-age and dispair
Of Issue, made her self account me fair,
And recommend me to my dearest Lord;

Though now her piercing looks, as sharpest Sword
Cut what they see. We, we are both undone,
She must enjoy old *Abraham* alone.

Ism.

Ism. But Mother, *Sarah* hath no Children yet.

Hag. I know she hath not, but the time is set
For her deliv'ry ; and 'twill be a Boy,
To dis-inherit thee, the only joy

Of me thy Mother. *Ism.* Dis-inherit me
He cannot, unless Law perverted be :
The Primo-geniture I'm sure is mine,
Which no man shall perswade me to resign,

Hag. I'm but the Hand-maid, *Sarah* is the wife ;
These very words, may breed an endless strife
I'th' Family : and Mistress without doubt,
Will study means whereby to cast us out.

Sar. My Lord can you the glories of my face
Behold and not admire ? Can there be place
In your grave Breast, for any other flame
Beside that kindled from my Eyes ? then tame
Your strange desires ; and let your lawful Bed
Bound your careles. Know that you are Wed
To *Sarah* now, who ceaseth to be dead
And barren as before : View her from head
To foot, her features and her limbs mark well,
And if these please not, see her Belly swell.
One Child from Heav'n may ballanc'd be with
two,

That come by Natures law, and mine is so.

Abr. Dearest of Wives, this new thought on
discourse,

Seemeth to rise from some malitious source.
What is thy will ? or what dost thou desire ?
Would you have fewel added to the fire

That Heav'n hath kindled? Dear what do'st require?

Sar. That you shake off your Hand-maids; and Love me,

Is all I crave; I will not Rivall'd be.

Kind Husbands when their Wives in my condition

Be, (for the most part) do with full submission
Hearken to them, fearing untimely birth.

Abr. Well *Sarab*, well, you are dispos'd for mirth.

Sar. 'Tis mirth to you, but I must feel the sorrow,

I think I shall be brought to Bed to morrow.

Go, call the Midwife, I am very bad;

I never yet such Griping torture had,

Abr. Chear up my dearest, when thou see'st the Boy,

Twill banish grief, and ravish thee with joy.

When Males are born the trouble is forgot,

And thine will be a Boy I question not.

Sar. Pray for me Husband, this is a sharp hout.

Abr. He who hath promis'd, he will help thee out.

Midwife what news? *Mid.* You have a lovely Child,

Thank Heav'n your expectation's not beguil'd.

Sar. Take him my Lord, this Boy will make you glad.

Abr. It is the best that e're my dearest had,

Here

Here, take ye him, 'tis time that he were fed.

Mid. Nay hold as yet my Lord, you've forfeited.

Abr. Forfeited, what? *Mid.* Good Sir, a Mid-wives fee.

Abr. Here take the Child, and I will give it thee.

Here. *Mid.* Sir I thank you, when I women lay
Of their first born, I see I'ave double pay ;
The next my Lady hath, my Lord will hold
His hand, and will not part with so much Gold.

Abr. I am no Niggard if that time do come,
I promise thee to give a bigger sum.

Mid. My Lord I'm but in Jeft, yet may you have
A num'rous issue, if you nothing gave.

Sar. Husband you know I laughed heretofore,
Have not I reason now, as many more ;
Then from my laughter let him have his name.

Abr. I'ave call'd him *Isaack*, is not that the same?

Sar. My Lovely Babe, come let me suckle thee
There is no Mortal can more joyful be.

Chorus.

If
For

Chorus.

Heav'n's mind's fulfill'd,
And Sarah still d.
O how she long'd,
And said I'm wrong'd.
No Wife like me,
Who Abra'ms be:
All have their Joys,
Their Babies-toys.
I'm only she,
Who barren be.
New, now her Breasts
Are made two Nests,
For harbouring
The lov'd Off-spring,
Of her dear Lord,
At Heavens word.
And more she may
Have that same way.
Gods promises
To us are bliss.
No Art avails,
When Heaven fails.
His blessings he
Bestow'd, then she
Got blowen Saills.
If any after Children want, they may
For remedy, with her to Heaven pray.

Abraham.

Abraham, Sarah, Isaack, Angel.

Ab. Dear heart methinks this Boy hath suck'd too long.

Sar. What? and hath neither Feet nor Tongue. E're he be wean'd he must a Foot-man be, To run and prattle up and down with thee. Now do your pleasure. *Ab.* Call our friends together,

He must not be a burthen to his Mother.

Isa. Mam if I lose my pap the Child will cry.

Sar. Yes pretty thing thou must, or Mam will dye:

O! how it snugs and sleeps upon my Breast;
Poor rogue, I'm sure of all he loves me best.
Here, thou shalt have thy bubbly one month longer,
E're that be o're my Chicken may be stronger:
And if that will not do, I'll give 'm another,
No Love is like to that of a dear Mother.

Come dry Nurse, take the Child and use him well,
Thy care of him, shall make thee ever dwell
With me in plenty. *Abraham* see the scorn
Of *Hagar's* Brat, that in my house was born;
If you deceive not *Heav'n* which counts you just
You must him and his Mother both, out thrust;
Because the Rogue in years hath got the start,
He strives with *Isaack* for an equal part
In thy estate, but it must not be so;
If me and mine you Love, pray let them go.

Ab. What change of humours all you Women have !

It is not long since you the handmaid gave,
And said, of her you shall raise seed to me ;
I thought this was enough to make her free
I' th' house, but now I see tis otherways,
Favours of this kind, have sudden decays.
However your desire I will fulfill ;
Hagar be gone, it is thy Mistress will.

Ang. Well said my friend, for I desire the same,
Thy Family must from *Isaack* have its name,
And blessing too. *Ab.* Thy will I shall obey ;
Come Sirs, get up and make no more delay :
The Lord commands, whose laws are all to me
Just, though contrary they to nature be.
This Bread and Water take, and so go hence,
You have abus'd your Mistress patience ;
Though I know nothing, I must not controul,
This peevish humour grieves my very Soul.

Chorus.

Each day hath its succeeding night,
Clouds sometimes darken the Suns light.
The Flowers that florid are to day,
To morrow Frost nips quite away.
Youth like a shadow flies, and age
Sayth, 'tis my turn to tread the Stage.
Life must give place to grim-fac'd Death,
There's nothing fixed made of Earth.

F

But

But all dance round and Circle make,
 While one anothers place doth take.
 The passions likevise have their turns,
 One Breast with Love and Hatred burns.
 One's sad, and merry, Melancholly,
 And all, sometimes, are counted folly.
 Honours and pleasures are so brittle,
 That most wise men esteem them little.
 In fine there's nought but thoughts of Heaven,
 That bringeth Wages home at Even.

Angel, Abraham, Devil, Faith, Flesh, Despair.

*Ang. Abra'm my faithful Servant, do' st thou
 hear?*

I must give thee a visit once a year ;
 I ave found thee perfect always hitherto,
 And now I am come, to try if thou wilt do
 What I command thee, without stay or grudge ;
 Remember, once thou call'd me righteous Judge.

*Ab. I'm here, speak Lord, thy Servant hears
 and will*

Count all thy precepts Just, and them fulfill.

*Ang. What could' st thou freely part withal for
 me ?*

*Ab. What could I not ? since I have all from
 thee.*

*Ang. Then thou must take thy Son, thine only
 Son,
 And sacrifice him ; so my will is done.*

The

The Mount *Moriah's* fittest for thy turn,
There thou shalt lead young *Izaack*, and him burn;
This action, *Abraham*, will please me well.

Ab. My Lord if you command, I'll go to Hell.

Devil. Fond fool give o're, Religion makes thee mad,

Heav'n's Minions never yet rejoicing had
Without a damp; their sweet is mix'd with soure,
It is not possible for humane power,
To act what he commands, being as strict
As those, who bid men without straw make brick.

Faith. Give o're thou murd'ring Sp'rit, do not delude,

The friend of God, all whose commands are good,
If he should fear or fret at his desire,
Thou canst not keep him from a fiercer fire
Than he is bid to kindle for his Son,
That's Brimston, and will last when this is done;
And yet will be no pleasing Sacrifice
To God nor him, do *Abraham* and be wise.

Flesh. What Father ever yet so cruel was,
To Murther his own Child without a cause?
View but these Limbs and features of his face,
His sparkling Eyes, then there will be no space
Left in thy harden'd heart, for cruelty;
A faithful man will never Butcher be
Of humane Bodies—

Faith. Faint flesh, those Eyes and Features are
but toys,

That fade with time and age, there's greater Joys
Laid up for *Isaack*, immortality ;

What needs thou care then if he burned be ?

Besides, hast thou not heard how *Phænix* rare,
Burned to ashes, doth her self repair

Out of the same, being first a little Worm ?

If thou believe, thou need'st not fear this storm.

Despair. Thou canst not be belov'd of God, since
he

Bids thee perform such monstrous cruelty :

They say he's merciful, if it be so,

Thou may'st lye still and never think to go

To Mount *Moriah*, whom he loves, he loves ;

But this command, rather his hatred proves.

Faith. This is an old tone, and bespeaks thee
fool ;

Know, that he hath given ev'ry man his Soul,

Which, if he back again from him requires,

By Famine, Sword, or Pestilence, or Fires ;

'Tis never to destroy that he doth this,

But for removall to Eternal bliss.

Ab. Give o're, give o're, now it is almost day,
I will no more dispute. Believe and pray

I will, for success on my loved host,

I spend but time, my God is at the cost ;

He gave me *Isaack*, and desires that he

In fire and flames should from the Altar be,

Sent whence he came —————

Sarah,

Sarah, Abraham, Servants.

Sar. My Lord I fear you have a troubled head,
For I could scarcely hold you in your Bed :
Tell me your Dream, it fearful is I'm sure,
For I have Dreamed too, and can't endure
Now when awake, no not to think of it :
I saw a Bow from Heav'n, bent and hit
My darling. *Ab.* Sarah then our Dreams are one,
God bids me go and burn my little Son.

Sar. Burn him ? alas ! I see I laugh'd too soon,
Then must my hopes and comforts all be gone.

Ab. Peace Sarah, it is God requires the Lad,
And he shall have him, if I twenty had.
Can I bestow them better, than to give
My Maker all ? in whom I move and live.

Sar. My Lord 'tis but a Dream, as yet forbear,
Such things require a double Messenger.

Ab. Dearest thou know'st my Dreams are al-
ways true,
Though such a Dream as this I never knew.
However, honey, let us with submission
Part with the Lad, obeying Heav'n's commission ;
His pow' er is great, so is his mercy too,
Thou know'st not what he is about to do :
For I may safely with the Boy return ;
And if I do not, there's no cause to mourn,
We are but as were, and he another
May give, whom thou may'st call Isaack's Brother.

The promiser is all-sufficient,
 We can have no just cause then to repent
 Our Piety, which always promise hath,
 Of grace and freedom from Eternal Death.

Sar. My Lord he is your own, and God your Friend,

Obey him, meanwhile I will Prayers send
 For him to Heav'n, as soon as you are gone,
 And beg he may not give me cause to moan,
 Who laugh'd before.

Ab. Go Sadle me my Ass, and two of you
 Must go with me, where yet I do not know.
 Call my Boy softly, tell him he must rise,
 To see his Father offer Sacrifice.

Go to the Log-pile, and choose out some wood,
 Cleave none for use, but that's exceeding good.

Ser. Sir all is ready. *Ab.* *Sarah* fare thee well,
 Still hope in God, the Lad may live and dwell
 Again with thee his Mother, till he come
 To mans' state: or another in his room.

Sar. My doubts are over, may the Lord direct
 You in your Journey, for if he protect,
 Or kill the Boy, I shall leave to complain;
 Perhaps he doth intend a greater gain,
 Than either you or I as yet expect;
 Kiss me dear Child, and thou my God effect
 The present work, my Husband is but clay,
 And may stretch out his hand another way
 Than is thy will; again kiss me my Son,
 Then go with courage, Heav'n's will be done.

Ab.

Ab. Behold my Servants, do not you espy,
Above the rest, a hill stands very high?
I and my little man must yonder go,
Mean while abide ye here. *Ser.* My Lord why so?
May we not bear our Master company?

Ab. No, If ye did perhaps ye'd hinder me,
From acting th' highest piece of Piety,
That ever yet was heard, or seen with Eye.

Ser. Have we not seen the Sacrifice before?

Ab. 'Tis true, and yet in this will be much
more
Faith, Resolution, needful, than when I
For smaller matters Sacrifice or pray.

Ser. Good my Lord, let us go to see the fight.

Ab. No, no, I cannot, it will you affright.

Ser. We must contented be and you obey,
Hoping you will not from us make long stay.

Ab. I will return affoon as I have done,
'Twill be no pleasure to stay there alone.

Ser. Alone you cannot be, this little Boy
Can make a Wilderness a place of joy.

Ab. But I must leave him there, my God com-
mands.

Ser. First dearest Master tye your Servants hands;
For we will sooner far resolve to dye,
Than see you actor of such cruelty.
This is in jest. *Ab.* No, I must Sacrifice
The Boy, Heav'n bids me, who I'm sure is wife;
If I do freely act what he commands,
He either will approve, or hold my hands.

Thinke you that I can any other thing
 Value above my All-sufficient King ?
 No no, it is his mind and't shall be mine,
 In spight of all who 'gainst it do combine,
 I think his Mother hath the greatest cause,
 Who willingly submits to Heav'n's Lawes ;
 Bidding me act what my good God hath said,
 For proof thereof, she him encouraged,
 To suffer valiantly —————

Ser. Sir, We are not to quest'on your intent,
 Being our Master ; but a good event
 We will implore. Ab. Come, come my pretty
 boy,
 This cloudy day may end in Sun-shine Joy.
 Take up the Wood my Son, I'ave knife and fire,
 We must fulfillers be of Heav'n's desire.

Chorus.

*Eternal Wisdom, when he made
 Sun, Moon and Stars, to each he said,
 Take you your turnes ; you must the day
 Govern, and you your Scepter sway
 I'th' night, when men are gone to rest,
 And think to sleep with quiet Breast.
 This is Heav'n's Lawes, and yet we see,
 That men then most unquiet be.
 Abram from Heaven hears a voice,
 Which quickly marr'd his new made joys.*

It

*It bids him go and burn his Son,
Which is no sooner said than done ;
And Sarah who in all mens thought,
Would have Abraham counted nought,
For harbouring such cruelty
In's Breast, as he should Butcher be
To his own Child, contents and says,
Husband we may have happy days
When Isaack's gone, then why should we,
Strive Abrams hinderers to be ?
Go on Sir, let your high desire,
Be hallowed with Heav'ns fire.*

Isaack, Abraham, Angel, Epilogue.

*Isa. O Father, Father, one thing yet we lack,
Lamb for offering you ave forgot to take.*

Ab. Shall I run back and make a quick return ?

*Ab. No, no, you need not, that which I must
burn*

*God will provide ; come let us go together,
We find a Lamb, my Boy, when I come thither.*

Isa. Doth any clean Beast pasture on that hill ?

*Ab. That work which God begins he will fulfill.
But hark my Child, dost thou not fear my God ;*

*Isa. Why doubt you that ? Ab. Then this thy
load of Wood*

Must thee consume. — — — —

*Isa. But Father, doth your God such Sacrifice
require ? Ab. It seems so now. Isa. Father be
wise,*

The

The Dev'l can change into a Saint of light,
May be 'twas he that call'd you in the night.

Ab. No Child, God's promise goeth far with me, but who
Who faith, that none shall ever tempted be
Above what they are able; I do not fear,
Nor needest thou to shed a guiltless tear.

Isa. My tender limbs will ne're endure the heat, infernal

Ab. He'll send his Angels to wipe off the sweat. With

Isa. My dearest Father, is your heart so hard? Behold
Can nothing this your enterprize retard? *Ab.*

Ab. Nothing my Child, though I be full of love, would
And grieve to kill thee, yet since my *Jehove*
Commands; My faith doth overcome my sense, and van-
And makes me with humanity dispence.

Bo thou must dye. *Isa.* I'm glad it is for God. *Isa.*

Ab. None other should have made me lay this low b
load

On *Isaack's* tender shoulders. Now my Child
We're at the place where I must Altar build. *Ab.* I
Dig up the Turf, and let us raise the Earth. *wri*

Isa. Ah Father I'm already out of Breath. *Isa.*

The thoughts of Death, with the Sun's melting Heat
heat

O'recometh me, Oh see how I do sweat! *and par*

Is't done enough? *Abra.* Not yet, it must be
higher,

That all the ashes may fall from the fire. *separ'd*

Now 'tis enough, come Child, bring me the Wood, the bles

Isa. 'Tis here my Father. *Ab.* It is very good, all, cal

All the ne'

All's done so far, my Boy thou must be bound.

If. Your will be done : O that I may not swoon !
me, but with undaunted courage yield my breath,
To him who power hath of life and death.

It is my Maker's will and I submit,
Hoping by him to be kept from the pit
of hell : He will raise me up again,
With Saints and Angels ever to remain.

ard ? Behold my hands ! I'll fold them for your ease.

Ab. Son, knew I any way my God to please,
love, would not touch thee. *Ifa.* I am now grown
strong,

ase, and valiant too, I count this death no wrong.

Abr. Thou must get up before I bind thy feet.

Ifa. Sir, that your will I should perform is meet.

ly this low bind not hard, I will not struggle much,

but dearest Father, kill me at first touch,

the knife is sharp enough and you are strong.

Ab. Dear Child I tremble, and may strike thee
wrong.

Ifa. Hold Father but a little, let me pray
elting to Heav'n, and first Lord teach me what to say.

My God look on me with a tender Eye,

and pardon all my sins of Infancy ;

ust open my Eyes before the knife come down,

that while I live, I may leap at the Crown

repar'd for Martyrs. Lord let me inherit,

Woo the blessings promis'd by thy holy Spirit.

good all, call thy Angels to receive that Soul,

Al who ne're as yet did willingly controul

Thy

Thy will, Sir, now strike on, for I have done.

Ab. No, I must pray too, e're I can go on,

O All-sufficient whole purer Eye,

Look th with abhorrence on all cruelty ;

Accept this Sacrifice, make strong my arm,

Since thou best know'st that I intend no harm

To my dear Child, but that I may the name,

Receive (when done) of faithful *Abraham.*

Lord I believe, raise feeble hand and heart

To give the blow———

Now Child I strike. Here. O ! who holds m

Arm ?

Ang. Stay *Abraham*, stay, and do not any harm

Unto thy Son, I minded but to try,

If I could in thy faith a flaw espy.

Look but behind thee, there's the Sacrifice,

Lay hold of it, and let young *Isaack* rise,

I'm sure thou lov'st me 'bove each Earthly thi

Since thou wast willing to make offering

Of thy own flesh : Touch not the hopeful Boy,

But let him to his Mother go with Joy.

This Ram thou shalt instead of him up offer,

I never did intend that he should suffer.

Ab. The best of news that ever yet were hear

For though I did believe, I greatly fear'd.

But bless'd be God, and let him ever be,

As *Abraham*'s so also God to thee ;

Let no distrust for ever Lodge within

Thy Breast, thou'rt Type of him who must for

Be offer'd really, is it not best
To go unto the Servants? *Ifa.* There's no haste.
Before approaching death I pray'd, and now
Restor'd again, I'le at the Altar bow.

He that is freed from danger ought with speed,
To bless the hand that helpt him in his need.

Ab. Do happy Child, and I will second thee;
Joynt Prayers welcome unto *Heaven* be.

Ifa. Lord let me ever with all thankfulness
Adore thy name, since thou did'st not oppress,
With grief my Mother, but hast saved me,
That I to her may greatest comfort be
In oldage, when my Fathers hoary head,
Shew's to the World that he is almost dead.
Did me thy will perform, I'le never grudge,
Being perswaded thou'rt a righteous Judge.

Ab. Lord I can say no more than I have said,
Who thee implores shall ne're want timely aid.
Thy Arm is strong, Eyes quick and always ready,
To ease his Burthen, who doth carry steady;
Have endeavour'd, and my weak intention,
Hath met with mercy, *Heav'n's* condescension.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

IF any thing in these few sheets be found,
May burn the thorn, or prick the stony ground. The
If any thing the way-side-corn doth gather,
To Sow't in good, then, then my Heav'ny Father,
The Meat is right, if not spoil'd by the Cook ;
If so, the squeamish may forbear to look
Upon it. If any hunger-starved be,
Eat heartily, it will not surfeit thee.
If any Gentleman or Lady find,
Ought in this Poem fitteth not their mind ;
They may repair unto some fatter Soil,
Where they may have their lukewarm hearts mu
boil
With love and valour, (Imps of flesh and blood)
I have no such ware, but here is that's as good.
And love, and valour too, yet such as will
Not hurt the lover, nor the valiant kill.
They love and fight, and yet both victors be.
Abra'm and God. This Tragi-Comedy,
Pleased my self, when I it undertook,
And pleas'd my friends, when they on it did look ;
But if it please not others, let them cast
It out of Doors, perhaps 't may be the last,
That they shall see of mine in such a stile,
For this I'le neither Plaudite, beg, nor smile.

F I N I S.

JOSEPH REVIV'D.

OR,

and. The Twelve last Chapters of Genesis Metaphrized.

Containing the

LIFE and DEATH
Of Holy

JOSEPH.

by GEORGE LESLY, Minister of Wittering
in Northamptonshire.

And we know that all things work together for good
to them that Love God, Rom. 8. 28.

LONDON,

Printed for the Author, and are to be sold by
Charles Smith at the Angel near the Inner
Temple gate, Fleet-street. 1678.

200

150

W

Imprimatur,

Mr.
 Gul. Jane S.T.B. Reverend. in
 Christo Patri D^{no}. Henrico
 Episc. Lond. à Sacris Do-
 mesticis.

Jan. 17. 1675.

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Y O U R S

To the Right Worshipful

WILL. WYMONDESOLD,

E S Q U I R E,

Mr. EDMUND, Mr. RICHARD, Mr. MATTHEW,

and Mr. THOMAS his Brethren; with their

truly Vertuous Mother and Sisters.

Worthy Sirs and Ladies,

 EING about to throw my Mite into the Publick Treasury, to plant a tender VINE in the Lords VINE-YARD, I thought you fittest to fence it with Your favourable Aspects, who are not onely almost equal in Number but Vertues, to those Sacred Patriarchs, whose History I have metaphrazed. The Meeter is like my Self, dull and despis-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

table, but the Matter is of Divine Inspiration, which
requires Your acceptance by Heavens Authority, while
as the other only lets the World know, that I am,

YOURS,

Extraordinary obliged,

GEO. LESLY.

Wittering, Jan. 7.

1675.

Mr. THOMAS M. HARRIS, M. A.,
of New Haven, Conn., will speak
on "The Work of the Negro in
the South" at the meeting of the
National Negro Congress, to be held
in New Haven, Conn., on Saturday,
February 11, 1933.

T O



TO THE R E A D E R.

If Heaven be pleas'd to dart his glorious Rayes
Into my Soul, let others take the Bayes,
Who climb *Parnassus* and Mount *Helicon*
For airy Notions, while I at the Throne
Of Mercy beg an understanding Heart
To measure out what *Moses* did impart
To th' World, concerning *Jacob* and his Seed,
'Mong whom a Dream did great dissention breed.
Though God inspir'd the Prophet from above,
And he (poor Heart) revealed all in love,
Whose harmless Vision counted was a crime,
And so (perhaps) may this my humble Rhime:
Yet if in friendly manner you disclose
My oversights, I'le mend, or write in Prose.

G. L.



381 OT

Я ДАЕМ

I

To my Worthy Friend Mr. *GEORGE LESLIE*,
upon his Poem called *JOSEPH Reviv'd.*

WITH Fiction while the airy Poet doth
Abuse the Text, thou tell'st the naked truth;
Thou stuff'st thy Verse with Sense, and every Rhyme
Compleat speaks thee a Poet without crime.

He who in Sacred Phrase was once forlorn,
And piece-meal shown, like to his Garment, torn,
Thou offer'st whole; snips and shred'st thy Team,
Thou draw'st his Story up without a Seam.

O happy Art! thrice Joseph rides in State,
In Pharaoh's Second Char'ot first, then date
His second Trophy with Divine Records,
His Honour last commenceth with thy words.

Bid Brethren all his Glory 'n Egypt tell;
He needs not now, thy Pen hath don't so well,
That all the Brittish Orb of it may ring,
And we of thee, while thou of him do'st sing.

Tho. Woolsey D. D.



J

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J O S E P H R E V I V D.

Of Rachel's long'd for darling since I sing,
And thy beloved, help me Jacob's King.
My Bark is crazie, and my stock is small,
Yet if thou Wind and Sea command, I shall
Safe to the Harbour this my Pinnae bring,
Then of my self and it make offering.
At Padan-aram had this worthy breath,
Not long before the beauteous Rachel's death,
Yet Hebron was the place of his abode,
At seventeen years belov'd of man and God:
Where with his Brethren, Dan and Napthali,
Aser and Gad, he on the downs did lie,
Feeding the Flocks with them, their ill report
Grieved the Lad, for which he did resort
Unto his aged Father, and declar'd
Those passages that he had seen and heard.
These actions, Boy, to them will fatal prove,
Though I can never take from thee that love

I unto *Rachel* (while she liv'd) did bear.
 For proof whereof this Livery take and wear.
 This, with his tydings did exasperate
 His Brethrens spirits, so that him they hate,
 Which heaven soon perceiveth, and his fame
 Raiseth, by dreams to be fulfill'd on them;
 The which when he (awake) begins to tell,
 Their eyes inflame and hearts with anger swell
 Against the harmless Youth, who ne'rtheless
 In friendly manner did it thus express:
 This night, said he, as we all binding were
 Sheaves in the field, mine did it self uprear
 In King-like posture, and yours round did stand,
 Making obeisance, waiting its command.
 To which his Brethren hastily reply'd,
 Shalt thou reign o're us? Shall it e're be said
 That thou shalt have dominion? No, thy grave
 Is just reward, for these thy Dreams to have.
 Yet where *Jehovah* works no man can let,
 He dreams again of their succeeding fate,
 Which he once more doth unto them reveale,
 And said, this other I will not conceale.
 And thus it was, Behold! the Sun and Moon,
 With Stars eleven, to me have homage done.
 Of this he did not only certifie
 His Brethren, but his Father, who did cry,
 Fie Son! what mean these uncouth thoughts? be sure
 Such wild presages I shall ne'r endure;

Think it

Think'st thou, that I, my Wife and Children too
Shall crouch and bow, and fall 'fore such as you?
No child, be wise, forbear thus to divine,
Lest all the rest against thee do combine.

This storm is ceased, and the young men gone
Their flocks to feed, in *Sechem* every one,
For whose long absence, neither night nor day
Can *Jacob* rest, till *Joseph*'s sent away,
Who said, Go down and see if all be right,
I've suffered much for my ten Sons this night.
Your will, said he, is unto me a Law,
I'll go to *Sechem*, though I never saw
The place: no sooner doth he undertake
his journey, than the way he doth forsake,
And wanders too and fro in open field,
Till one drew nigh and pitied the child,
Saying, What seek'st thou Stripling, 'tis my grief
To see thee straying here without relief?
My Brethren, Sir, said he, pray tell me whither
They've driven their flocks to feed, I must go thither.
Boy, answer'd he, I think I heard them say,
Rise up, and let's to *Dothan* streight away:
And there they are, for any thing I know,
The grass is good, because the ground is low.
My thanks I give you, Sir, and if I find
Them there, I'll say you were exceeding kind.
This said, he runneth thither joyfully,
Not dreaming once of any danger nigh.

But 'twas a dream, for he's no sooner spy'd
 By his malicious Brethren, than they cry'd,
 Behold ! our Dreamer comes, prophetick Mome ;
 Come, let us slay him, he shall ne'r go home,
 And cast him in some Pit, then we will say
 Some evil Beast hath ta'ne his life away.
 And then 'tis hop'd that we shall quickly see
 A final end both of his Dreams and he.
 But *Reuben* who was judg'd least to respect
 God or his Father, doth the Lad protect ;
 Sa'ing, Let's not kill him, for some time or other
 It will come out, remember he's our Brother ;
 If his Blood cry, let us not think to thrive :
 We'll rather put him in this Pit alive.
 This course he was the willinger to take,
 Because thereby he thought to get him back
 Safe to his Father. All this time the Lad
 Thought of no ill, nor yet suspicion had,
 But rush'd among them, ravished with joy,
 Wishing them health ; who answer, Foolish Boy
 Hast not more Dreams to tell ? we must now see
 If this fine Coat doth make thee prophesie.
 Are we not Brethren ? Oh ! be not so rude,
 Said he, I mean to you nothing but good.
 No, Stripling no, thy Sighs, thy Pra'rs, thy Tears
 With us must take no place, thy tender years
 Which pity crave, must taste our crueltie ;
 In this dry Pit thou art design'd to lie.

To

To't, fling him down, 'tis Noon we'll take repast:
But hold, who's this draws towards us so fast?
Ishma'lites surely, come from *Gilead*
Load'n with Spice, Balm, Myrrhe, Egyptian Trade.
By this time *Judah*'s heart began to melt,
Whose words declare that he great trouble felt.
What profit's in our Brothers blood, said he,
Though we conceal't, yet murderer's we be.
Give o'r; I've found a way that's better far:
We see these Camels richly loaden are,
Let's with their Masters this our Dreamer truck;
And being gone, we'll pray for his good luck.
This, this will clear us from the Calumnie
Of Fratricide that would upon us lie.
Ho, Chapman tarry, want ye not a Lad
To drive your Horses and promote your Trade?
Here's one, we'll sell him cheap. A pretty Youth,
Reply'd the Merchants, he will serve us both.
How prize ye him? Speak, if ye mean that we
Should buy him of you, rate him not too high.
At one word, twenty Pieces is our price.
Hold, here's your Money, he is worth it twiee;
And so we hope he'll give, the Boy likes well.
The Wares are always good that Merchants sell.
We'll carry him to *Egypt*, for his Age
And Feature fitteth him to be a Page
To some great Lady; if that will not do,
My Lord he can serve in his Chamber too.

And if the Rules of Phisiognomie
Deceive us not, such Graces hidden lie
Under his flaxen hair, and downie chin,
As hitherto in any scarce hath bin.

Come, let's go hence; I'le now unto the Pit,
Saith *Ren.* to see if *Joseph* be in it,
But missing of him, whom he thought to find,
He instantly returns with heavie mind
Unto his Brethren, crying out, Alass!

The Boy is taken out of yonder place:
Whither shall I go? not home to my dear Father,
Seeing he'll require of me; no, I'le rather
Breath out the rest of my unhappy years
In some dark Cell, and expiate with tears
My double crime. No Brother, cry the rest,
We have a project (if ye think it best)

Will with our Father clear both us and you:
Look, here's his Coat, and there are Goats enough,
Let's with their blood besprinkle it, and then
Go cheerfully to *Hebron* back again,
And ask our Father if this garb he knows,
Since at first view it like to *Joseph*'s shews.
On this they all conclude, and home return
With joyful faces, though they'd cause to mourn;
And with these tydings *Jacob* did salute,
At which surpriz'd, he's suddenly struck mute,
And beats his Brest, his Eyes great floods let out
Of Tears, and said, Poor *Joseph* without doubt

Is torn in pieces by some evil Beast,
 Who first devours, and after makes his feast.
 This said, he rent his clothes, sack-cloth put on,
 And many days mourned for him alone,
 Without all comfort, till at last his Sons
 And Daughters all come unto him at once,
 Saying, O Father why doth this your grief
 Transport you so, as not to take relief;
 We think you might be joyful, when you see
 Of your own Loins this goodly companie.
 No, said old *Jacob*, though I love you well,
 Yet this Lad's death will make me go to Hell
 Mourning: poor heart! in him alone I liv'd,
 And now being dead, how can I be but griev'd?
 Yet all this sorrow can nothing retard
 The sturdy Pedlars, who by driving hard
 Have got to *Egypt*, where by quick retaile
 They mean their Spice to vend, and *Joseph's* sale
 Expect; both which accordingly fell out,
 Buyers (like Bees) to them flock round about;
 And *Potipkar* himself beholds their Trade,
 Where suddenly he spies the lovely Lad;
 Likes, buyes and payes, carries him to his house,
 That Proverb's false, *Mountains bring forth a Mouse.*
 At home when he good notice taken had,
 Of all things were performed by the Lad,
 And of the Blessings he from God receiv'd,
 Name and Religion, then of him he crav'd;

Which known, from slavery he did set him free,
Saying, Of my House thou now shalt Ruler be.
The pious Youth no sooner is preferr'd,
Then th' others Pra'er for thrift is answered ;
For God did then th' *Egyptians* house so bless,
That all things prosp'red, whether more or less.
This made the Captain trust him with his store
Of all that he had car'd for, nor knew no more
Then what he eat ; But, ah ! the goodly face
Of *Joseph* tempted *Jempsar* to embrace
The holy Youth with her surrounding Arms,
And glance her am'rous eys, adul'trous Charms.
These made him blush with shame and fear together,
And answer, No, you're Sacred as my Mother.
Doth not my Master trust his State with me ?
And hath with-held nothing at all but thee.
This wickedness is great, I dare not do't ;
Pardon me Mistres, and leave off your suit.
Say, if I grant all that which you desire,
Can you keep off God's Wrath and Husbands Ire ?
Nay, he will be offended, and my Lord
Will never after take an *Hebrews* word.
Yet this enflamed Wanton gives not o'r
To speak him kindly ev'ry day and hour ;
Adding forced Caresses, but in vain,
From day to day, till she had drunk the bane
That either must her Lust or Fury end
Upon her Servant and her Husbands Friend :

Both

Both which are grown to that prodigious height,
That though the Sun shines, yet she counts it night,
Saying within her self, he's here I gues
Alone i'the house about his business;
This is the last exploit I mind to try,
To which the Fool must either yeild or die;
And then laid hold upon his Coat and swore,
I'le have all I desire of thee before
Thou go, there's none can see or hear the noise ;
But he as frighted at her lustful voice,
Flees out and leaves his Garment in her hand.
Where God forbids to fight, he dares not stand.
Now Hell and she must act another part,
Viz. mourning face put on, dissembling heart,
The sugar'd words she used but of late
For baits, turns Choller, this to cruel hate ;
Calling aloud to all, for Heavens sake help,
I am abused by this *Hebrew Whelp.*
See here the Relicts of his villany :
My cries it made him leave, and from me flee.
And now would God my *Potiphar* were come,
For I shall never rest till he's at home,
And have related unto him what fare
Must be expected i'the house where *Hebrews* are.
He's at the door, run and let in my *Lord.*
How now my Girl? What? neither smile nor word?
Smile, No: how can I? since your very slave
Embolden'd is, thine, not my *Love* to crave:

He

He hath attempt'd that Fort was ne'r besieg'd
 By more than thee, to whom I am oblig'd.
Horrid! Nay, 'tis no jest, this Coat but see,
 And then my wrong revenge, or love not me.
 To which the furious Husband answer made,
 Enough my *Jemysar*, it shall ne'r be said
 That you (my Love) can any thing demand
 That I'll deny, wherefore I pray you stand
 To see the Prologue of his torturing pains,
 He shall imprison'd be and bound with chains.
 Go, cursed Rogue, I'll never trust the face
 That's beautiful, it's seldom lin'd with grace.
 This heard, the courteous Lad made humble bow,
 Saying, **My Lord**, I never wronged you;
 Time trying all things, you shall plainly see
 The fault was hers, and there was none in me:
 Wherefore, I hope, that God whom I do serve
 Will grant such favour, that I may not starve
 In this dark Prison-----
 Thy words are bootless, Jaylor keep him sure
 While I have studied what he shall endure.
 Which, when *Jehovah* from's Imperial Throne
 Heard, wills a winged Herald to be gone
 Down to his Footstool-Earth, and there to tell
 The Turn-key, he must use the Pris'ner well.
 This made our guiltless Youth much favour find
 With him, that unto others was unkind :
 For, what in prison was among them done,
Joseph was doer of it; he alone

With-

Without controle rul'd all, because the Lord
Him prosper'd, according to the Word.
Yet all this time our *Joseph* never thought
How he from prison should at last be brought,
Till he that all for good makes work together,
Sent *Pharaoh*'s Butler and his Baker thither
For misdemeanour, who were put in ward
With *Potiphar* the Captain of the Guard,
Whom *Joseph* serv'd; at last each dream'd a dream,
Viz. Butler, Baker on a several Theam,
Which so perplexed both of them next morrow,
That he it spied, and said, Sirs, what sorrow
Tormenteth you, ye lowr and are so sad?
There is some cause, if your night-sleep was bad.
Boy, that's not all, but we have dreaming been,
And none can tell us what the same doth mean.
Hear me, my Masters, do not you yet know
That their Interpretations from below
Come not, 'tis only such, events can read
As are with Sp'ritual Mantles overspread.
Then do but tell me what was each mans Theam,
Not doubting I shall quickly read your Dream.
A Vine, said Butler, I saw me before,
And in the same three Branches and no more,
Which budded, shooting forth its Blossom-flow'rs,
Whose clusters all brought forth such Grapes as ours;
The Cup of *Pharaoh* being in my hand,
I took, and press'd them in at his command;

Whq

Who afterward both took and did it drink.
This is the sum of what I dream'd I think.

Is this the thing you have a mind to know?

Come, rouze your Spirit, it needs not be so low;
The Branches three, as many days portend,
Before the end of which the King will send
For you, and to your wonted place restore,
His Cup to bear, as you was wont before.

When this Prediction is fulfill'd on thee,

Be sure to put the King in mind of me:

And tell him, though he have Magicians store,
Yet there's an *Hebrew* Lad that knoweth more
Than all of them; and this a mean will be
From Bonds and Prison for to set me free;

For I indeed an *Hebrew* stol'n was,
And hither brought, I know not for what cause;

Where now again, without a crime I lie
In this dark Cell, and may do till I die.

I like this young man, said the Baker, well,
And will adventure mine also to tell.

Three Baskets white I had upon my head,
In which were several sorts of meat and Bread
Which I to *Pharaoh* brought; but e'r I came
Birds flockt about my head, and eat the same.
This Dream of yours will prove but bad I fear,
And therefore, Sir, I beg you would forbear
To urge from me what it doth signifie;
Take this for all, that you must quickly die.

I fear not that, say on, I will approve
Of that my Friend reveals to me in love.
My life I will resign most willingly,
If of my Service *Pharaoh* weary be.
If't must be so, The Baskets that you wore,
Predict, that e'r three days be o're
You shall be hang'd, and Birds your flesh shall eat.
This is the vision of your baked meat.
Make sure of Heaven, thy part on Earth is done.
Now by this time rose third days sparkling Sun;
Where God ordaining, *Pharaoh* made a Feast
Upon his Birth-day, unto all the rest
Of them that were his Servants; by and by
In frolick humonr he aloud did cry,
Go, bring the Baker and the Butler up,
This man is fittest to give me the Cup:
As for the other, his last doom shall be
To be lift up, and hanged on a Tree.
The honour which the Princes favour lends
May be call'd in, and then in shame it ends.
Good turns are soon forgot, a Proverb sure,
For guiltless *Joseph* must as yet endure.
Courtiers use not always to keep word,
Although they make their Vows unto the Lord,
Whose time's the best to set our Captive free;
Though two full years he must in Prison be,
Till *Pharaoh* dreams that he by Water side
Stands, and Seven Fat well-favour'd Kine espi'd

Come

Come up from thence, as also seven lean,
 And joyn'd to th' other; those when he had seen
 Stood horror-struck, and what th' event might be,
 Wait, 'twas not long before that he did see
 Those scurvey lean-flesh'd Beasts the other eat,
 And yet still looking poor, and wanting meat.
 So *Pharaoh* 'woke, till slumber had his eyes
 Closed, and then the second time he spies
 Seven Ears of Corn come up both good and rank,
 Seven others also that were poor and lank;
 And as the other Lean, did Fat devour,
 These eat the Rank likewise that very hour.
 This doubled Phantasme so perplex'd the heart
 Of *Egypt's* King, that he must both impart
 To his Magicians, willing them to see
 If they could tell what either signifie.
 We are confounded, cry the *Sophi's*, Lord
 Of these thy dreams we cannot tell one word.
 This unexpected answer so rouz'd up
 The memory of him that bore the Cup,
 Who thus exprest himself unto the King;
 My Lord, I've sinned in this very thing:
Pharaoh well knows that he with me was wrath,
 And with the Baker also sent me forth
 Unto the Prison, where we both did lie,
 Till our sad Dreams an *Hebrew* did espie;
 Who told me of it, as it since hath prov'd,
 Saying, the Butler needs not to be mov'd,

For

For he shall be restor'd; but Baker he
Shall by the King condemn'd and hanged be.
These tydings pleas'd the King beyond all measure,
Who priz'd the meaning of his dreams 'bove treasure.
Call in the young man, for he's wiser far
Than all the *Sophies* that in *Egypt* are.
Run quickly unto *Potyphar*, and say,
Pharaoh must see his Prisoner to day.
Where Kings command, the message is obey'd.
The Seer's call'd to come in haste, who said,
What, is your haste so great? may I not stay
Till I be shav'd and unto Heaven pray,
And change my Garments also, since you see
I am not fit before your King to be?
He comes-- Sweet Youth, said *Pharaoh*, but declare
What these my Dreams mean, and Garland wear.
My Butler tells me, if thou hear the Theam
Thou canst interpret every anxious Dream.
My Lord, said he, that Grace is not in me,
But God whom I do serve can let you see
A true interpretation from my Mouth;
Look well upon me, and despise not youth,
For what my Maker doth to me reveal,
That, and no more will I to *Pharaoh* tell.
Say on, my Lord, what was your dream? Why I,
Said *Pharaoh*, stood great *Nilus* River by,
And there, behold, seven Fat-wel-favour'd Kine
Feed in a Mead, and said, These Beasts are mine:

But

But suddenly again to me appear'd
 Seven other Lean ill-shap'd and hanging ear'd,
 Such as the Land of *Egypt* never bred;
 For on the first Sev'n Fat when they had fed,
 Their Bellies clung unto their Backs, and were
 Ill-favour'd, lean as e'r they were before.
 Thus I awoke, but when my droufie eye
 Was clos'd again with sleep, I did espie
 Seven Ears of Corn upon one stalk that grew
 So full and good, as yet I never knew.
 After them came up Seven more was thin
 And wither'd, as they'd Thunder-blasted bin,
 Which suddenly the better did devour.
 And I again wak'd, calling o're and o're
 On those that studious Magicians were,
 The truth of these my Dreams for to declare;
 But all of them together answered,
 'Tis God that caus'd your Dreams, he must 'em read.
 Now, he that would by this thy favour merit,
Elisha-like must have *Elia*'s Spirit.
 Say *Hebrew* then, the smoothness of thy brow
 Tells me, this task will be too hard for you.
 My youth bespeaks me ignorant I know,
 Great Sir, yet since the knowledge from below
 Comes not, that must your doubled dream unfold,
 That which is young by Nature, Grace makes old;
 By which, I tell you, that your dreams are one,
 And signify, what Heaven will have done.

In Egypt Land the Seven good Ears and Kine
 Such years portend, this he bids me divine.
 The ill flesh'd ones, and blasted Ears of Corn
 Foretels a Famine will make Egypt mourn
 For seven more. See, Nile cannot contain
 The Waters sent for nourishment of Grain,
 And all things else needs moisture for that space,
 After which time it will dry up. Alas !
 What I must do, I know not, pray be kind,
 And as of that, of this, Sir, speak your mind.
 You must seek out in all the Land discreet
 And wise men, who may strictly oversee't.
 Them bid a fifth part of its fruit to gather,
 These hard times will require a Nursing Father.
 In all thy Cities let it stored be,
 That when the Famine comes they may to thee
 Repair, and buy it at thy Stewards hand ;
 Else this great Scarsenes will undo the Land.
 This thing when Pharaoh and his Servants heard,
 They thanked Joseph, and his God they feard,
 Saying, where shall we such another find
 In whom the Spirit is, and knows his mind.
 And since thy God, ev'n thine hath shew'd thee this,
 None either wiser or discreerer is
 In all the Kingdom ; wherefore thou shalt be
 My House and Servants Ruler, God to me ;
 To shew I am in earnest, take this Ring,
 And be hereafter next unto the King :

C

These

These clothes put on, and Chains about thy neck,
 And let my Subjects pay thee all respect;
 Ride in my second Chariot, then to thee
 Shall all my Vassals humbly bow the knee.
 While I am *Pharaoh*, it shall be a Law,
 That all my Kingdom of thee stand in awe;
 No foot or hand in it shall moved be,
 Till first they have direction from thee.
 And since thou canst reveal my secrets all,
Zaphanath pa'neah I will ever call
 Thy name, and thou shalt surely be the Son.
 Of *Potipherah*, who is Priest of *On*.

Thus you have seen our *Joseph* in the Den,
 Sold and imprison'd and restor'd again.
 Now what his future happiness may be,
 Launch out again with me, and you shall see
 The Scene is alter'd, and his celeb life
 Chang'd for the blessing of a virtuous Wife,
 Who bore before the Famine unto him
 Two hopeful Males, *Manas*. and *Ephraim*.
 The first was hantied so, because he had
 Forgot his Fathers house and former Trade.
 And when the other God did to him send,
 He said, I'll call him *Ephraim*, for an end
 Is put to my affliction, and my store
 Increased is, and Honour more and more.
 The Plentie's ended, and the Famine come:
 Said *Pharaoh*, *Joseph*, let us now go home.

The

The truth of all that thou hast said I see,
By th' hungry peoples crying unto me
For maintenance, I know not what to say
To still their clamour, only that they may
Repair to thee for answer, and receive
What thou thinks meet, I know 'tis bread they crave.
The Famine now grown over all the Earth,
And every Creature suffering under dearth,
The Store-houses were opened, and meat
The moneyed *Egyptians* did eat.
Yet though he sold to many of the store
The Famine waxed daily more and more;
Neither did *Egypt* only Victuals want,
But in all other Countries Food was scant.
Yea, even in *Canaan*, which was wont to be
For plenteousness the Worlds Granary.
The Famine plac'd it self in every Face,
Which *Jacob* seeing, cry'd out, Alas! I bid beggars
What shall we do? we'd better ne'er been born
Then die for hunger; yet I hear there's Corn
In *Egypt*, up then, get you down and try
If of the Ruler you can any buy.
Go thither therefore all of you, save one,
Him leave with me, I cannot be alone.
Father, said they, our lives we owe to you,
Can we refuse then what you bid us do?
No, *Benjamin* shall stay till we are come again
With all our Asses fully loaden home.

Your blessing, Sir, e'r we our Journey take;
 We are all ready, only that we lack.
 That God's and mine your Journey prosper may,
 Till ye return I'll never cease to pray.
 Your Money make full weight, entreat the man,
 Tell him the Famine's great in *Canaan*;
 And that with others you are come to buy
 Egyptian Corn, your wants that may supply.
 Now unto *Zoan* Jacob's Sons are come,
 Saying, is the Lord, the Governor at home?
 We come from far, O let's obtain the grace
 To speak, and shew him our disast'rous case.
 Lo, I am here, said he, your busines :
 At this they bow'd to the Earth and could express
 Nothing; his Glory and their present grief
 Ties up their Tongues, they cannot ask relief.
 The Prince again, who all their Faces knew,
 Stranged himself from them, and angry grew,
 Saying, whence come you? surely you are Spies;
 The countenance often the heart betrayes.
 This rough expression so encreas'd their fear,
 That trembling they reply, No, Sir, this year
 Our *Syrian* Land was parch'd and nothing bore,
 Meer want made us come unto thee for store.
 Go, go, you lye, I know your whispering
 Perswadeth me that there is no such thing;
 But Villains come the nakedness to view
 Of this our Land, and then himself withdrew.

Nay,

Nay, Good my Lord, said they, our Story hear,
We all Sons unto one, and true men are;
Mark what we say, and if we tell you Lyes,
Then, and not else conclude that we are Spies.
Tush, this is nothing, every man will say
As much, if so by that he cleared may
Be, but if you give not a better reason (son
Of your down coming, I will swear there's Tre-
Intended. Then we're twelve, reply'd the other,
Brethren, of whom you see ten, and another
At home, his Fathers joy, and one is not.
Ha, now, that you be Spies I surely wot;
And so for all your words, I shall you prove,
If you bring not to me your Fathers Love.
Choose out among you one, and for him send,
Till then our Controversie cannot end,
Nor you be clear, if you do not, I swear
By Pharaob's Life, that you vile Vagrants are.
Go, bring the Lad, his Face when I do see,
I'll say all's true that ye have said to me.
Resolve, this Prison must be your abode.
Till all agree, this do, live, I fear God;
If ye be true men, then let one of you
Be bound in Prison, where you all are now,
And let the rest take Corn that may supply
Your wants at home, lest they for hunger die
In this great Famine, only bring the Boy:
It's truth, I seek to prove, not to destroy

Your lives; to which they 'gree, and say t' each other,
 We guilty are concerning our dear Brother,
 Who to his anguishi't Soul so hard'ned were,
 That when he pray'd his plaint we would not hear;
 For which, in Justice our Almighty God
 Doth lay on us this his afflicting Rod.
 Then *Reuben* unto them reply'd, and said,
 Did I not tell you so, when fast you laid
 Your hands upon the Boy, but did no good;
 Therefore of us required is his blood.
 This they among themselves in Hebrew spake,
 Thinking that *Joseph* could no notice take;
 For seeing one who (as his part requir'd)
 Interpreted what they of him desir'd,
 And unto them what his Lords answer was;
 They spake their minds aloud about the cause
 Of their distresses, which when *Egypt's* Lord
 Had heard, he turn'd from them without a word.
 His sympathizing Soul swell'd so high,
 That he must either quickly burst or cry.
 See, where Gods Spirit dwells no hatred lies,
 He turns again, communes, in heart forgives
 Their ancient Crime, yet seemingly unkind
 He from them *Simeon* takes, and him doth bind,
 And then commands his Servants for to fill
 Their Sacks with Corn, not leaving off until
 They said they had enough; the money he
 Bids put into their Sacks mouths most secretly.

Provision

Provision for their way bids also take,
Saying, here's enough, I would not have you lack;
Nor yet diminish ought that ye have bought;
It's pity you should come so far for naught.
Their Asles now when they all loaded had,
From *Egypt* soon they their departure made,
Travelling hard till it was time to bait
Their Asles, and themselves had need to eat
Their Dinner over, Beasts now to be proven'd,
One his Sack opens, and cryes out, I'm cosen'd,
Did you not all see me my money pay,
And yet 'tis here in my Sacks mouth this day?
This quickly made their joyful Faces lowr,
And curse the day and the unhappy hour,
When they their Brother sold. It surely is
For vengeance, said they, that our God doth this;
Up, and let's load again, till we our place
In *Canaan* see, and our old Fathers face,
That from his wise and long experience
May gather'd be, what can proceed from hence.
Now they're returned home and do relate
To *Jacob*, how the Steward did them hate,
All which we might well by his car'age gather;
But, Ah! said they, this was not all dear Father,
For he would not convinced be, but we
Must needs be spies, come *Egypt* for to see;
And though we spoke the truth, all this he urg'd
May come from Subtle Rogues, and so be forg'd;

But if you will prove true, said he, leave one
 Till ye have brought me *Jacob's* little Son.
 This we were forc'd to do, *Simeon* is there,
 And must, till *Ben* our Brother doth repair
 Thither with us, when we go next to buy,
 Whose sight will work poor *Sim's* delivery,
 And our free Traffick throughout all the Land;
 Of this we have the Rulers Word and Hand.
 But pray let's see your Corn if it be right,
 Said *Jacob*, sure your Money was full weight.
 You shall, Dear Father; bring the Asses nigh,
 That we may empty't in the Granary.
 Lift up this Sack, 'tis of unusual weight,
 Pray God there be not here another slight;
 Look, here's my Money, mine, and mine, and mine,
 And all of ours, as sure as thou had'st thine.
 At this Adventure all of them are sad,
 Saying, what shall we do, our case is bad?
 But most of all old *Jacob*, whose gray Head
 Shakes with a Palsie, and falls down half dead,
 Wringing his feeble hands, his sighs declare
 What his sad thoughts of this Adventure were.
 They'll count you *Thieves*, said he, O how I grieve!
 Moreover now, who can my Son relieve?
 Of *Joseph* and of *Simeon* I'm bereav'd,
 And now poor *Ben* is also from me crav'd.
 But hold, before this his request I'll grant
Simeon I'll lose, and die my self of want.

Not

Not so, Dear Father, said the eldest Son,
Your will in all things else I will have done :
But he must go, whom if I bring not back,
Then here I leave two Sons, them you shall take
And slay : Dear Sir, the charge lay upon me ;
A good event, I hope, you'll quickly see.
Son, hold thy peace, my darling being dead,
Would you his Brother also from me lead ?
No, he must not go down, for if he do,
My dayes are done, and I must leave you too :
That sorrow my gray hairs will bring to grave,
Leave off this suit, and any thing else crave
I will it grant-----

As greatest Stocks, that always are impair'd,
Without supply, diminish, so it far'd
With Jacob and his Sons, who now begin
To feel their flesh (for want) waste, and their skin
A withered complexion put on ,
While through the same, they might discern the bone
The very last of their Egyptian store
Eat up, the old man called out once more
Unto his Sons, and said, Go down again
To Egypt, and bring Simeon with our grain.
Whence Judah took occasion to exprefs
Himself at large about the business
In hand ; The man, said he, made protestation,
That neither we nor any other Nation
Should any thing receive, or see his face,
Unless that Ben. came down in Simeon's place.

If thou wilt send our Brother, then we may
 Go down and buy more food, else cease I pray,
 We dare not. Unto which he did reply,
 Why was ye so unwise as to desry
 My Boy, or give him such a strict account
 Of me, and to what number mine did mount?
 It was not in our power that to conceal,
 Said they, the man was strict and made us deal
 Thus plainly; for he said, Have you a Father
 Alive or Brother, nay, or Brethren rather?
 This made us speak the Truth, but never thought
 That he would say, let *Benjamin* be brought,
 Or that he would have proved so unkind
 As to take *Simeon* from us, and him bind.
 Father, continu'd *Judah*, if with me
 You send the Lad, we'll go, I'll surely be,
 And of my hand you shall again require
 Him, dearest Father, grant me my desire;
 This will not only prove us to be true,
 But purchase food, and *Simeon* home to you.
 Fear not, good Sir, if I do not restore
 Him safe again, I'll bear the blame therefore
 For ever; had we not thus lingered,
 We had return'd the second time with Bread.
 Well, well my Sons, then if it must be so,
 Said he, my Counsel take before ye go.
 Of all our best fruits you shall quickly gather
 Some, and present them unto *Egypt's* Father.

A little Balm, and Myrrhe, and Honey take,
With Spice and Almonds, Nuts, a Present make,
With double money also in your hand,
And that you carri'd last into the Land
Restore, perchance it was an oversight.
Then take my Son your Brother, do what's right,
And let *Jehovah* give you mercy when
You come before the man that doth retain
Your Brother, and let *Benjamin* come back.
At this his Blood boil'd, and these words he spake;
I see there is no probability
But of my Boyes I must bereaved be.
However, get you hence, I trust my God
Will give me strength to bear this heavy load.
This was the Farewell which old *Jacob* took
Of all his Sons when *Cana'n* they forsook,
And unto *Egypt* with the Present went,
The double Money which their Father sent.
Benjamin also with the rest went down
To see the Ruler and view *Memphis* Town,
Who are no sooner 'lighted then descriy'd
By *Joseph*, who, when *Benjamin* he spy'd,
Call'd unto *Ramses* hastily, and said,
Dispatch with Dinner, is the Cloth yet laid?
Prepare more Victuals than was wont to be,
For these 11 men at Noon must dine with me.
'Tis done my Lord. Gentlemen, follow me
Into the Hall, the Prince desires that ye

Such

Such entertainment as the House affords
 Receive with welcome, as doth Egypt's Lords.
 This unexpected carriage so amaz'd
 The new-made-Guests, that each on other gaz'd,
 And said, we may now easily perceive
 The entertainment we are like to have.
 This is the Rulers House where now we be,
 Death or vile slavery is our destinie.
 That pithie Sentence is not seldom true,
Love quickly turns to hate that is but new.
 We know the drift, 'tis for our moneys sake
 Was in our Sacks, that he this course doth take.
 'Tis like the Steward knoweth for what end
 We are brought in, try, if he be our Friend
 He'll give us some accompt; he that's forearm'd,
 As Proverb saith, is also partly warn'd.
 Let's commune with him, and excuse our selves
 For this our Money, there is no way else
 That can be taken, this we will relate,
 Which done, he'll either shew his love or hate.
 Sir, at the first when we came to buy food,
 We paid money for it, that was good.
 Full weight it was, but shortly after how
 It came into our Sacks, we know not now.
 Our ignorance we hope will be excus'd:
 Here is our Money, we have not refus'd
 It to repay, and other Money too
 At this time brought to buy more food of you.

Pray

Pray rest contented and be not afraid,
Said *Ramses*, seeing *Jacob's* God hath laid
Treasure into your Sacks; what I did crave
I had, and *Simeon* is no more a Slave.
Lo, here is Water, please you wash your Feet,
And I my self will give your Asses meat.
By this assurance they so cheared are,
That in his absence they their Gift prepare
Against the Lords incoming, seeing they
Should see his face, and dine with him that day.
Now the Clock strikes, Servants begin to run
Each to his Office, waiting the return
Of *Zaphnappa neah*, who came in and stood
Like glorious *Phœbus*, when from under cloud,
Whose sparkling Splendor dazled the eyes
Of all, but most his Brethren, whom he spies
With piercing aspect; this his love exerts
To them, whom conscious of their own deserts,
Bow'd to the Earth their Heads, and said, My Lord,
Accept such things as *Cana'n* doth afford.
Who smil'd and took the Present, saying, How
Doth your old Father, and your selves all now?
Is he yet living? Doth his Silver Threads
Yet shine? They answer, Yes, with bowed heads.
At last the Ruler spieth out his Brother,
Ev'n *Benjamin*, the Son of his own Mother;
And said, My Friends, is this the youngest Lad,
When you were here, you said your Father had?

I guess it is, his count' nance speaks no less.
Thou'rt as my Son, whom God Almighty bless.
This he pronounced with such vehemency,
That Tears appear'd in his melting Eye,
Though Pow'r and Policy bid him refrain,
His face is wash'd, and he returns again,
And bids them set on Bread, 'tis quickly done,
For all the rest together, him alone;
And for the *Egyptians* by themselves, whose meat
Was not the same with that which *Joseph* eat,
Being unto them a great abomination
To feed on such things as the *Hebrew* Nation.
Now all is ready, Chaplain say the Grace,
And let each Stranger set as is his place:
He that is eldest bid him first go in,
And let the rest asside, then *Benjamin*.
Judge you if *Joseph* did not give them cause
To think that he once their Domestick was,
He can so well their Birth and Age discern,
They marvel at it, yet doth nothing learn.
Come, Trenchers here: Carver cut up this Dish,
And reach me hither that same boyled Fish.
Sir, take this Mess, and you, and you, and you;
You're welcome all: they thank him with a Bow.
But, Oh! methinks that young man is not serv'd,
In a Cooks Shop I would have no man starv'd.
Here, *Ramses*, reach the last man this from me;
This seen, the rest did wonder why't should be:

That

That of him he should take such special care,
And furnish with more than a five-fold share.
As Meat of all sorts, so the Drink was free,
For Joseph said, with you I'll be merry be.
The Grace-Cup's over, now let us go on
To sing of all the Rulers kindness shown.
Their Sacks he first commands to fill, and then
Their money to be put in them again.
Next take my Cup, my Silver Cup, said he,
And in Ben's Sack's mouth let it hidden be,
With his Corn-money when he hath it paid.
All is perform'd, My Lord, as you have said.
The joyful Brethren, e'er it was light day,
That Morning with their Loads are sent away,
Though they have scarcely past the City Walls,
When *Hue and Cry*'s sent out; Constable calls,
Stand thankless Wretches: tell me what's the *cause*
That ye have thus ev'n broken Natures Laws,
And all the Rules of Hospitalitie.
You said, we're true men, but ye robbers be;
My Lords, both drinking and divining Cup,
(Deny it not) you, you have taken up.
Was this requital for your Noble Feast?
Restore again, may be ye took't in Jest:
Nay, but you Jest, said they, we hope your Lord
Hath sent you unto us with no such word;
For though we here be Strangers, yet the chief
At home we are, we need not play the thief.

Did.

Did we not with us treble Money bring?
 Why then should we have stol'n this petty thing?
 If you among us do the Goblet find,
 Hang him that took it, and the rest Slaves bind.
 You've said enough, yet it must not be so,
 But he that took it Servant back shall go,
 And you be blameless, for it were too much
 That one should die, and th' rest be kept for such
 A crime: then to't, said *Reuben*, to the rest,
 Pull down your Sacks, and open them in haste.
 Let this unthought-of search with me begin,
 And so go on to Brother *Benjamin*.
 When all of them had narrowly been try'd,
 Except the last, then was the Cup descry'd,
 Which brought upon them such a sudden fear,
 That some their cloths rent, some their hair did tear,
 To see these mourning Brethren 'twas great pity,
 Loading their Asses, turning to the City.
 When *Judas* and his Brethren too were come
 To *Joseph*'s House, expecting their last doom,
 He bow'd and said, What shall we say unto
 My Lord? What shall we speak? What shall we do
 To prove us guiltless? sure God hath found out
 Our hidden fault, for which without all doubt
 He doth us punish; wherefore we are thine,
 Because the Cup is found with *Benjamin*.
 The Fact is too apparent, yet our God
 Who searcheth Hearts, knows our intended load

Was

Was Corn, not Plate; but since it must be so,
His will be done, and we no further go.

This when the man had heard, he answer made,
I never yet on any burthens laid

More than I thought was just, then God forbid
That I should any keep, but him who did
Convey away my Cup, 'tis only he

That I adjudge my Servant for to be;

As for the rest, let them go home in peace,
I'll use him well although he live by Grace.

Then *Judah*, with a look that spoke his fears,
Said, Good my Lord, graciously deign your ears
Unto a few things that I must express
About my Brother *Ben*. his busness.

Didst thou not strictly of us all enquire
If we had yet a Brother more, or Sire?

We answer'd, Yes: a comely aged man,
Call'd *Israel*, and dwells in *Canaan*, (ther,
Who keeps at home with him our youngest Bro-
His Darling being dead, who was another;
Which two fair *Rachel* to our Father bore.

This makes him love the living Lad the more.

And thee require of us more earnestly

His coming down, that thou might set thine Eye
Upon him; but we all with one accord

Said, this can scarce be granted to my Lord,
For if his Father part with him, we fear
He will not live with us another year.

D

At

At this thou (vexed) from us turn'd thy Face,
 Say'ng, bring him down, or else my wonted Grace
 I will withdraw; which, when we did go home,
 We told our ancient Father all in sum,
 But had no answer, till at last he said,
 Rise, get you down to *Egypt* for more aids;
 But we rememb'ring this thy threatening word,
 Said, none of us dare speak unto the Lord,
 Or see his Face unless our Brother go
 To *Egypt* with us. Surely it was so.

Which when our Father heard, he sigh'd and said,
 I thought the Corn had been already paid.
 Must I the pledge of *Rachel's* love forsake,
 Or else want Corn which I do so much lack?
 Certainly this is hard, I am right loath,
 Seeing one is not, now to part with both.
 Poor *Joseph's* death torments me yet with grief,
 Only this Boy, he gives me some relief;
 If ye then seek me of him to deprive
 I must breath out my last, and ye ne'r thrive.
 This, Sir, said he, if any truth there be
 In man, was said by him, and more to me.
 You being Judge, can any thing be worse
 Than for a Child to have the Fathers curse?
 But if I could dispense with that, what can
 I say to him when come to *Canaan*?
 His life being bound with his, of this I'm sure,
 Without the one the other can't endure.

Besides,

Besides, to him for this I surely came,
Saying, if he come not, let me bear the blame
For ever. Now let me the favour find
To stay in place of him; pray, Sir, be kind,
And send the Boy unto his Father back
With joy, that he in him may pleasure take.
Great Sir, if you old Age admire, relief
Grant, be not Author of our Father's grief.
This dext'rous Plea with *Joseph* took such place,
As it was soon known by his changed Face,
Whose frowns do vanish, and his threats are gone;
Love makes him cry, *Go out, leave me alone.*
He who of late spake rough and threatned all,
Now weepeth loud, and on their necks doth fall.
What means our Ruler? Is not this a wonder,
That he who to th' Egyptians speaks like Thunder,
Should be so much transported as to cry,
And none but these eleven Strangers by!
Dear Hearts, I'm *Joseph*, doth my Father live?
Said he; to which they could no answer give:
His unexpected Greatness and their fault
Daunts them as vanquish't sould'ers new assault,
Till he cryes Quarter, and bids shake off fear,
Saying, I am *Joseph* whom ye sold, and here
Was brought by Merchants; Come, be not afraid,
It was not you, but God that for your aid
Had order'd all things, and for preservation
Of life hath given unworthy me this Station.

Two years already hath the Famine been
 In *Egypt* Land, and five yet is not seen,
 In which 'twill be in vain to plow the Land,
 Because the Mower shall not fill his hand;
 Wherefore your God and mine sent me before,
 That I for you and for your houses store
 Should make provision; he whom I do serve
 Me hither sent that I might life preserve,
 And thought me fittest all the Corn to gather
 That was in *Egypt*, and be *Pharaohs* Father.
 Haste then, go up to the Old Man and say,
 Thus saith thy Son that was not, I this day
 Am Lord of *Egypt*, so made by my God,
 Who wills that thou come down and make abode
 With me, and *Goshen* for thy dwelling place
 Accept, it's near, there thou mayst see my face.
 Thy Children, Flocks, and all shall nourisht be;
 Nothing that's thine shall taste of poverty
 In these five years of Famine. Cast your eye
 And view my Limbs and Features, it is I;
 And let my Brother *Benjamin* the Youth
 Look well upon me; Is it not my mouth
 That speaketh these things? pray also declare
 Unto my Father what my Glories are
 In *Egypt*, and perswade him to make haste
 To come, and quickly of my Favours taste.
 Then turn'd he unto *Benjamin*, and said,
 Joy of my Heart, how well am I now paid

For

For all my wishes and my pray'rs for thee!
Who am admitted once again to see
My fathers image and my mothers face.
In thine, dear Brother; God give thee his grace.
This said, in token of his true respect,
He weeps and kisses, falls upon his neck;
And he again, as far as modesty
Permitted, wept and kist most ardently.
Which though in secret done cannot be hid;
The Court takes notice what the Ruler did:
And that his Brethren come they *Pharaoh* tell,
Who said, I'm glad. Servants, they like it well.
Come in, said *Pharaoh*, *Zaph*; I mean to see,
Whether thy father *Jacob* be like thee.
Send for him into *Egypt*, where his store
Shall be so much, that he shall wish no more.
This is my will, I hope you'l not neglect
To pay your father all the true respect
You owe: and for their better commodation
Chuse out of Waggons best in all the nation
For them; the little ones, and all their stores,
Being persuaded that the land is yours.
As one who's willing to obey his Lord,
And serve his Father, *Joseph* doth accord.
Horses and Chariots quickly are prepar'd
By him, who for provision nothing spar'd.
For each of ten had from him change of cloaths,
But to his brother *Ben*, gave five of those.

Three hundred pieces as a token he
 Unto him gave 'bove what his cost should be:
 His Fathers Present it is greater far,
 For unto him ten Asses loaded are
 With finest Gold, that might supply his need,
 And other ten loaden with Corn and Bread,
 That might sustain his Father in the way,
 All which he doth with small or no delay:
 And then commands that they should thence depart,
 With seeming joy, yet grieved at the heart,
 Lest they his Brother *Benjamin* molest,
 At parting from them, thus himself exprest,
 Brethren, I hope ye will all cordial be,
 Till ye to *Jacob* bring good news of me,
 Telling him I do live and with him health,
 And hope that he will see me and my wealth.
 This do, and so I hope God will you bring
 Unto the old man, who is languishing
 For your long stay. These are the whole commands
 Wherewith I wish you kiss my Fathers hands.
 At home with bowed knees they all salute
 Their aged Father, who for Joy stood mute,
 When he had heard that *Joseph* was alive,
 Ruler in *Egypt*, and therein did thrive;
 For sometimes he believed, and sometimes not,
 Because they'd told him that the Lad was not.
 But to confirm the truth they all declare
 What with the Ruler their adventures were,

And

And how he serv'd them e'r he let them know
Whose Son he was, or what he did them owe;
And also show him all the Waggons trim
That should to's Son in *Egypt* carry him.
These seen, his fainting Spirit did revive,
Say'ng, Well, it is enough if *Joseph* be alive.
Help Lord, for now my Son I must go see
In *Egypt* land; this done, then let me die.
No sooner had the next *Aurora* bright
With blushing Skies succeeded gloomy *Night*,
Then Father *Israel* to his Chariot hies,
And rests not till *Beersheba* he desries,
Where resting, he commandeth to erect
An Altar, whence he might his Pra'rs direct
And Sacrifices to the God of Heav'n,
Because his odd Sons were again made ev'n.
That he a prosperous success might have,
Of *Isaac*'s God he doth protection crave
In's Journey, and for length of days implores,
Till he had seen young *Joseph* and his Stores.
He had not fully ended his devotion,
When Suns departure, and the Starry motion
Invited him to leave and to take rest.
No, no, saith *Jacob*, there is no such haste,
I once again will of my God enquire,
If he my going *Egypt*-ward desire;
If he be willing, I will not be slack,
But if he be not, then I will turn back.

This said, from Heav'n he heard a sudden voice
 Say'ng, *Jacob, Jacob*, fear not, but rejoice ;
 Since I have been thy fathers and thy God,
 Well be, go there, and settle thy abode,
 The truth to shew of this my promise made,
 I'le make thy seed as sand on Sea-shore laid.
 This mighty Nation shall victorious be,
 After four hundred years, when my decree
 Shall be fulfill'd : then fear not down to go,
 I'le guide thee there, and bring thee up also.
 No comfort will I from thee keep, thou sees
 Thy son who was not, he shall close thine eyes.
 Good *Jacob* ravish'd with those hea'vnly news
 Rose up in haste, and to his sons all shews,
 And then commands, with speed that they prepare
 All things which needful for ther journy were.
 The Coaches ready, some their father heave,
 Some stand within him ready to receive ;
 Their wifes and children have their proper place
 Into the same : and Coachmen drive apace.
 Their cattel also, which were numerous,
 Gold, Silver, Jewels, Treasures ponderous
 Purchas'd in *Canaan*, these they did transport
 To *Egypt*, whither then they did resort.
 Thus *Jacob* leaves *Canaan*, and his seed
 Do follow him, because they wanted bread :
 His Sons, his Daughters, and his Nephews all,
 Are now descended at the Dreamers call :

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Whose exact number then was but three score
And ten, of which three had been there before,
Joseph the father, and his children two,
Manass. and *Ephra'm*, then he had no mo.
When they th' *Egyptian* borders did desery,
Jacob to's fourth son *Judah* loud did cry,
Go down to *Joseph*, bid him tell me where
He will me place, I am a stranger there :
Tell him at *Goshen* I will tarry while
He come or send, and shew me what's his will :
And howsoever he dispose of me,
His word or work to me a law shall be.
As soon as *Judah* did his brother greet
With these glad tidings, he prepares to meet
His aged father, and before him stands,
Bows, begs his blessing with uplifted hands.
And he again (for joy his son to see)
Falls on his neck, kissing it ardently,
Weeps and embraces ; so that all admire
The strong affections of his aged Sire,
Who cry'd aloud, O *Joseph*, *Joseph*, now,
My darling *Joseph*, I am sure that thou
Dost live ; then this I of my God will crave,
That he my spirit may in haste receive,
Since I am wholly eased of the wo
Hath me perplex'd these twenty years and two.
Then *Joseph*, who had all this time been stopt
By tears, which from his Princely eyes had dropt,
Said,

Said, Father, welcom. Now I must go home
 And tell the King that all of you are come,
 Who (I am sure) at this will much rejoice,
 And give command that I of you dispose
 Where best convenience may for you be had;
 For this to me he hath already said.
 And I will tell (if he to know desire)
 That you are Shepherds, and you aim no higher
 When therefore he shall ask of you this thing,
 You shall confirm my words by answering,
 We and our Father Keepers are of Sheep;
 Which he'll no sooner hear then's promise keep,
 And give you *Goshen*, where you safely shall
 Your tender Flocks graze, and your Cattel all;
 Your dwellings also he will set apart:
 For Shepherds grieve *Egyptians* at the heart.
 Now *Joseph* leaves his Father in that place,
 Returns and speaks with *Pharaoh* Face to Face,
 Saying, my Father and his Family
 Are (with their Substance) come to visit thee.
Joseph, said *Pharaoh*, of this take my hand,
 I'm glad to see thy Father in my Land.
 Call some of them, and let them see my Face,
 Assure thy self they shall with me find grace.
 I will, said *Joseph*, then he quickly takes
 Five of his Brethren, and a Present makes
 To *Pharaoh*, who did instantly enquire
 What is your Trade, or what will you desire?

We're

We're Shepherds and Sojourners in this Land,
Whose greatest errand is to kiss thy hand;
The next to see our Brother, and have place
Our Flocks to feed; in *Canaan* there's no grafts:
The piercing Drought so scorched hath the land,
That there is nothing to be seen but Sand:
If therefore we shall of thee favour fin.,
Grant's *Goshen* Pastures, and for this we'll bind
Our selves to be thy Subjects, and our Seed
Of thee and thine shall stand in Kingly dread.
Then *Pharaoh* unto *Joseph* did reply;
Since they'r come down, what will I them deny?
My Crown but spare, and ask what'e'r they please;
I'l give all things conduced to their ease.
My Land's before them: as for their request,
In *Goshen* for them Dwellings make in haste.
And for a greater proof of love to thee,
Choose out among them some will active be,
And put my Cattel all into their hands;
Their hire from me let it be Gold and Lands.
But pray thee *Joseph*, where's thy aged Sire,
His face to see I have a great desire.
Greatest of Kings you shall, lo, here he is.
This said, old *Israel* doth great *Pharaoh* bless,
Saying, my Lord the King of Kings protect
Your Sacred Person; and since you respect
Me and my Sons, I'l never cease to pray
For you with hands to Heav'n lift night and day.

My

My thanks, said *Pharaoh*, now I must be bold
 To ask one question, I would know how old
 Thou art? Good *Jacob* soon this answer made;
 An hundred thirty summers I have had;
 As many winters have I also been
 In pilgrimage, unsettled I mean:
 Yet few and evil, if you'll deign to look
 Upon a Line in this my Table-book,
 Where is inserted faithful *Abrahams* age,
 An hundred and seventy five his stage
 Completes, my father *Isaac* liv'd five more;
 Though all this time their grievances were sore.
 This said, the old man looking round about,
 Blesseth the King, takes leave, and walketh out.
 Now come (said he) Son, since you know I have
 Your Kings good will, a fitting place I crave,
 Where I and all my Children safe may be
 From all Sedition and Conspiracy.
 Then *Joseph* beckn'd to his Sire, and said,
Ramezes is the best that can be had;
 There take possession, this my Lord commands.
 These are your Writings signed with our hands.
 The famine's great, yet *Joseph* wills that he
 Since come to *Egypt* have no scarcity
 Of bread, tho' in *Canaan* and *Egypt* there was want,
 In so much that the most began to faint
 For hunger, but that *Egypt*s Nursing Father
 Its currant money into stores did gather.

And

And such as from *Canaan* was brought to buy
Corn, he doth put into th' Treasury.
Now *Egypt's* money doth begin to waste,
Which made the Natives run to him in haste,
And say, Sir, you must grant us fresh supply
Of bread and corn, or else for want we die.
There's none but you can grant us any aid.
Who answered, You've got as much as paid :
But this my counsel is, which if you take,
To bring your cattel you will not be slack,
And them for corn and bread exchange with me.
What profit they if you of famine die ?
The hunger-starv'd *Egyptians* at this
Do much rejoice, yea and with blessing bless
The Ruler, and with chearful hearts do bring
Their Horses, Cattel, Flocks, and every thing,
Except their Land, all's laid at *Josephs* feet,
Who willingly receiv'd, and gave them meat.
Poor creatures, they had good cause to fear,
For this provision ended with that year,
Was but the sixth since that great want began,
When it was ended they to *Joseph* ran
Again for more, lay'ng out their wretched case,
And saying to him, We must die alas !
Our Money gone, our Cattel you did crave,
We brought them, now our Land is all we have ;
Come buy this also : let's not starved be,
And we our selves will serve our King and thee.

Let

Let us have Seed that we again may try
Whether our Land as yet will fructifie.

At this his tender heart is fill'd with grief,
And eyes with tears, which way for their relief
Procures, for he to *Pharaoh* makes it o're,
Making him Landlord who was King before.
Their ancient Livings he bids them forsake,
And for the future other Dwellings take,
For which they should to *Pharaoh* *Egypt's* King,
As to the owner yearly Rent in bring.

But to the Priests there was more kindness shew'n,
Who parted with no Land that was their own;
For they on that which was to them allow'd,
Liv'd all that while as when the Land was plow'd.
Then *Joseph* said, Behold! I have you buught,
Your Land and all; I'm sure there is not ought
Which is not *Pharaoh's*, wherefore take you Seed
And sow in haste, I know you will not need
To fear the Famine, this is the last year
Of *Egypt's* drought, you know hath cost you dear;
Its former increase you again shall have,
Of which a Fifth Part I will yearly crave
For *Pharaoh's* use, the Four that is behind
Dispose of that according to your mind,
For Seed, for Food, for you and for your Stores;
Fear not, it will be fruitful as before.
With bowed heads and chearful countenance
They thus reply, Since we our sustenance

Theſe

These barren years had from our Lord and thee
Be gracious to us, we your Servants be.

It is enough we live to serve our King,
What he commands, that will we to him bring.

Only the Priests did this great Tax escape,
For all they sow'd, all to themselves they reap.

Behold, the kindness of an Heathen King,
To those who did but hellish Sophismes sing.

Yet all this while Joseph hath not forgot

To settle on Jacob the most happy Lot

In all the Land of Goshen, where he might
Dwell happily, and have thereof full right.

Now that Gods Promise might fulfilled be,

He multiplies and grows exceedingly.

When he in Egypt 17 years had been
Most prosperous, and his Sons glory seen

Of Age a 147, then he

Prepares himself Deaths Captive for to be;

For calling Joseph's Father and his Child,

And looking with a countenance most mild,

Dear Son, said he, Age makes me now believe

That I must Egypt and my Children leave.

This heard, the Ruler's heart is fill'd with grief,

And Eyes with tears. No Son there's no relief,

said Jacob, Seventeen years I've liv'd in thee,

Now 'tis enough, my God I must go see.

Yet while I live one thing I must implore,

Grant it my Child, as thou hast done much more;

Which

Which is, when dead, that then in *Canaan* I
 May buried be, and with my Fathers lie.
 This granted, he commands him for to swear
 That he his Corps to *Macpelah* will bear;
 And then in token of his thankfulness
 He leans on's Bed, and doth his Maker bless.
 Sad tidings soon sounds in the Rulers ear
 After's departure, that his Father dear
 Was ill at ease, and willed him in haste
 To pay'm a Visit e'r his life was past :
 Who willed quickly that his Children two
 Should ready be, for they must with him go
 To see their Grandsire, it is his command;
 Obeying, they in travelling posture stand:
 Scarce had they entered into the Town
 When one to *Jacob* hastily runs down,
 And tells him that his Sons and his two O'es
 Were come to see his end, and to dispose
 Of him: this heard, he once again revives,
 And to set up upon his bed he strives;
 Saying to *Joseph*, God appear'd to me,
 When I from *Esau*'s fury down did flee
 To *Padan Aram*, and at *Luz* me gave
 The Promise that I should *Canaan* have,
 And blessed me, saying, that of my Bloud
 Should there be born ev'n a huge multitude,
 It to possess until Times fulness shall
 Come, when they for their Sins shall from it fall.

Then

Then since I'm sure that all the Land is mine,
I'll give a share unto these two of thine,
Were born in Egypt e'r I hither came,
As *Reuben*, *Simeon*, these shall bear my name;
But all the rest are since by thee begot,
They shall be thine, and have of thee their Lot
Among their Brethren, yet they must not be
Call'd *Heads* or *Tribe*s of their posterity,
But whose are these two Youths that stand me by?
If they be thine, then let them both draw nigh
That I may bless them, being glad to see
Thy self once more, and thy posterity.
Now having kiss'd them, he said, Once I thought
Ne're to have seen thee, nor be hither brought;
But blessed be that God who spared me
Joseph, *Manass*, and *Ephraim* for to see.
This done, he takes them from between his Feet,
Making them stand before him as was meet:
Manass on's left, and *Ephraim* on's right stand,
That on them both at once he might lay hand;
But he inspir'd of God looks not to years,
Nor yet for Doteage the first-born forbears:
For on the younger he layes on his right,
In him it seems God had the most delight,
Minding to make him Head of all the Tribe,
Without respect of person, age, or bribe.
Then to his Son he said, now I will crave
That you all Blessings of that God may have,

E

With

With whom my Sire and Grandf're both did walk,
 And with him often face to face did talk;
 Who from *Canaan* led me out this way,
 And hath me fed at all times as this day.
 The Angel Great, which doth my Soul redeem,
 Bless both the Lads, and have them in esteem:
 And let them have mine and my fathers name;
 Make thou them great, do thou enlarge their fame,
 Encrease their seed for number as the sand
 On the Sea-shore in their Grandfathers Land.
 But *Joseph* wroth to see the form invert,
 Says to his father grieved at the heart,
 Not so (dear Sir,) this is the eldest boy;
 Put here your right, he is the onely joy
 Of me his father. No, saith *Jacob*, no;
 Though what you say be true I rightwell know;
 Yet fear not, for he shall be very great,
 But this much more, neither by strength nor fate,
 But by that power that laid the Earths foundations
 He shall become a multitude of Nations.
 Such blessings that day he to *Joseph* gave,
 As greater after *Israel* should not crave.
 If any can but *Ephraim's* bliss obtain,
 It will be ever counted greatest gain.
 Then *Jacob* said, Behold, I die; but God
 Shall visit you, and while you have abode
 In *Egypt*, he will ever be a Watch,
 Lest by these Heathens any harm ye catch,

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And bring you up into your fathers land ;
He, he will do it by's Almighty hand.
Moreover thou from me hast got a portion,
Which I ne'r purchas'd by craft or extortion
From th' *Amorites*, but by my sword and bow ;
This on thy self and thine I do bestow.
Now *Jacob* finding 's last glas almost out,
Calls for his sons, who compass him about,
Listning for what he thither did them call ;
Who said, Sons, hear what will to you befall
In the last days, when your old father's gone,
Strengthen your selves, your trouble comes anon.
Reuben my eldest, pray do thou draw near
To me thy Parent, and thy verdict hear :
In dignity thou didst excell and power
Thy brethren all, untill that fatal hour
When to thy fathers bed thou didst advance ;
This made me rob thee of th' Inheritance.
Because as water thou unstable wast,
Thy Eminence and Dignity is past.
This said, from him he turns his face about
To *Simeon* and *Levi*, whose sentence goeth out :
You brethren are by consanguinity,
And no less ally'd in your cruelty.
Your habitations they are full of bloud,
And might you grieve if rightly understood ;
For in your anger you the *Sech'mites* slew,
Robbing the Town of riches not a few ;

The City also raz'd unto the ground;
 Such horrid Facts, I think, hath not been found.
 Curs'd be your anger, I will you divide
 'Mong other Tribes as strangers to abide.
 As for thee, *Judah*, thou shalt praised be
 By all thy Brethren and Posteritie;
 Thy Foes thou shalt subdue, and they adore
 Shall thee with princely Homage, nay, and more,
 As Lion fierce is terrible, so thou
 Shalt be to all, and all thou shalt subdue.
 Yea, for a greater Blessing thou shalt hold
 Thy kingly Scepter till Predictions old
 Shall come to pass, and the *Messias* shall
 Come from thy Loyns, and rid men out of thrall;
 And all thy Land be fill'd with best of Wine,
 Thy Grapes shall yeild great store of Liquor fine;
 So that thou may, as in a mighty flood
 Thy Garments wash into the grapie blood.
Zebulun, thou shalt still a dweller be
 In pleasant places situate by the Sea,
 So that by Shipping thou mayst have commerce
 With other Nations who of Ware are scarce:
 Thy Borders also I will so extend,
 That they in length shall come to *Zidon*'s end.
 Son *Issachar*, I know thine inclination
 Is such, that thou desir'st a quiet station,
 Free from command, and still will bowing be
 Thy back to all the burthens laid on thee.

Dan,

Dan, as an Adder or a Serpent flie
Thou to thine En'mies evermore shalt be,
And subt'ly shall all of them overthrow,
If not their Head, I'm sure thou'l sting below,
And now, O Lord, since well I know this Boy
Shall en'mies haye that will him much annoy,
Do thou assist him in's extremity,
That at the last he may victo'rous be.
Gad, much affliction doth on thee attend,
Yet all those Troops thou'l conquer in the end.
Asher, Earths fulnes shall be thy Lot,
Affording Royal Dainties and what not.
Naphthali, on both parts thou dextrous are,
Lover of Peace, and yet can follow War.
Joseph, thou as a fruitful Bough shalt be,
Set by a Wall, thy Grapes shall multiply,
And Branches by the Suns reflections shall
Grow to such height as shall surmount a Wall.
Though Brethren, *Jempsar*, *Potiphar*, all three
Thy life did seek, and Arrows shot at thee,
Yet God, thy God thy Bow kept in such strength,
That spight of all, thou did'st o'recome at length,
And made the Shepherd to his *Isra'l*-flock
So that thou was to them both Staff and Rock.
From God, thy Fathers God thou shalt receive
All things soever thou desir'st to have.
Is't pleasant Seasons? this the mighty hand
Will grant to thee, do but the same demand.

Is't liquid Fountains? Fowls that flying be,
 Or Fishes? Call, 'tis he commands the Sea.
 Is't food or clothing? Beasts on every hill
 Are his; I know thou'lt have them at thy will.
 Or is it Children? Do but them desire,
 He'll grant so many shall make thee admire:
 Thy Grandsires blessing, *Isaac's*, mine, all three
 While hills endure shall ever bide with thee;
 And on his head they ever shall remain,
 Whom cruel brethren thought once to have slain.
Benjamin, thou shalt still a Warriour be,
 And ever have thy sword upon thy thigh,
 To kill and rob, and to divide the spoil,
 Thou shalt be bent, and think of it no toil.
 Here have you *Jacobs* sons all number'd;
 Here have ye all that he unto them said.
 Here all the blessings he before his death
 In his last Legacy did to them bequeath;
 Here is the charge that he unto them gave
 Concerning's burial in the *Hittite's* Cave,
 Which *Abra'm* bought in *Ephrons* field to be
 A burial-place for his posterity.
 Here was he buried and his *Sarah* dear:
Rebecca and *Isaac* were interred here.
 Here *Leah* also laid into this field,
 For which *Abra'm* did five score pieces yield
 Unto the sons of *Heth*, who were right loath
 It to receive, till he had sworn an Oath,

That

That of them he would not take it for nought,
They do agree, the Cave is sold and bought.
Ah! I have spoke too long, my Spirits fail,
Said Jacob, see my Face and Hands grow pale.
This scarce was utter'd when his Heart had lost
Its faculties, and he gives up the Ghost.
When Joseph saw the death of his aged Sire,
His filial love the Brethren all admire,
Who said, thou'rt gone; and I am left alone,
Oh! thou art gone, I cannot chuse but moan.
Oh! thou art gone, my only Father dear.
Oh! thou being gone, what comfort have I here?
At this the tears so rushed from his Eyes,
That no by-stander could withhold their cryes;
For he his pale Face kiss'd and cry'd aloud
To the Physicians who about him stood,
Come take this Body, take it out from me,
Embalme it well, let nothing wanting be.
This his command they willingly embrace,
Taking his Father from before his Face,
And sweetest smelling Spices do prepare,
For this last Rite, he had enough to spare.
They never rested for six Weeks a day
His Corps to dress e'r he was ta'ne away.
Is this all? No, a Winder greater far,
The Outlaw Heathen for him Mourners are
Nine Weeks of Dayes; which ended, Joseph takes
His Fellow-Rulers by, and to them speaks,

You know in Egypt 'tis a strict Decree
That none in Mourning may with Pharo be,
Nor any conference in this posture have
With him, for which I earnestly do crave
That you would go and make the King acquaint
That my old Father, while his pulse was faint,
Commanded me to swear a solemn Oath
(Should I it break, I think he will be loath.)
That I should bury 'm in his Fathers Grave,
Pray bid him grant it, this is all I crave
And if he fear that I will not come back,
He may my Sons of me for Pledges take.
Thus leaving Joseph, all of them depart,
Who waiteth their return with grieved heart.
No sooner had they told the King his case,
Than he with sighing answered, Alas!
Is Jacob dead, my Father-Rulers Father?
And shall I hinder? Nay, I'll further rather.
Make all the haste he can, then come to me,
Till his return I shall not quiet be.
When Joseph heard the Kings benevolence,
He thank'd the Rulers and departed thence.
Then called all his Servants and his Kindred,
Who come unto him, none of them is hindred;
The Kings own Servants and the Rulers be
In readiness the Corps to 'companie.
Then Joseph doth this Funeral Journey take
With more than Thousands armed at his back.

E'r

E'r *Titan* rose from out his watry Bed,
 Or with his spangled Traces overspread
 The spacious Azure, Chariots make a noise,
 At which the prancing Horses all rejoice;
 Coach-men drive hard, so that e'r it was nigh
 Sun-setting next, *Canaan* they espy.
 To't yet, said *Joseph*, here we will not rest,
 But will to *Atad*, where we shall have best
 Accommodation for our numerous Train;
 I know the place, it is a spacious Plain
 Well hedg'd in; there we may safely lie
 Until the rest we for the Funeral buy.
 This was concluded, and o'r *Jordan* they
 Came, to the place of their appointed stay;
 Where lighting down, their Mourners so cry'd out
 For full seven days, that all were round about
 Came running for to see what it might be
 Made all these strangers weep so bitterly,
 Whose sympathy admir'd the place they call'd
Abel-mizraim unto Ages all.
 This Ceremony ended, they the Vow
 Perform, made to their Father while below,
 And buri'd him in his Grand-sires Cave;
 This was the last thing he did of them crave.
 Now *Joseph* to his *Pharaoh* doth return,
 Who for his absence never ceas'd to mourn.
 Thou'rt welcome *Joseph*, said the Egyptian King,
 What news dost thou to me from *Canaan* bring?

All

All good my Lord, with which he made a bow;
 But, Ah! I fear I've stayd too long from you.
 No, no, I'm glad again to see thy face,
 Said he, for still thou shalt with me find grace.
 By this time's Brethrens hearts began to burn,
 Thinking that he soon after his return
 Would them afflict for their long cover'd crime,
 Which to prevent, a Messenger in time
 They send to Joseph, who this message bore;
 Our, and thy Father who is now in glore,
 Commanded us thy Pardon for to crave,
 Though we deserved other things to have
 For our outragious spite and crueltie,
 Which we contriv'd against thee, guiltless thee,
 By seeking of thy spotless blood to spill,
 Whilst thou our good foretold, and not our ill.
 The hearing this his tender soul did smart,
 Whose watry Eyes it witnessed in part:
 What? What? said he, and do they me mistrust
 As soon as I my Father in the dust
 Have laid? No, no, Dear Hearts, they need not fear
 I will to them a great affection bear;
 Were I vindictive, yet that would not do,
 That God is strong who still preserveth you.
 You will'd indeed revenge upon my blood,
 Yet all your malice turned to my good.
 'Twas not your aim when you poor Joseph sold,
 That he 'mong Egypt's Worthies should be roll'd.

No, no, 'mong Slaves; in this ye all combin'd,
But my good God had better things design'd,
Your preservation, though ye made a prey
Of me to Merchants, as you see this day,
Wherefore take courage, I will you preserve,
Your guilt I'll pardon, and with food I'll serve
You and your Flocks according to your mind,
Am I not *Joseph*, can I be but kind?

Haste, haste my *Muse*, now thou must make an end,
That Pearl of price whom God did hither send,
Hath now ten Winters and 100 seen,
As many Summers, of which he hath been
Four score and sev'n in the Egyptian Land,
Alway's upholden by th' Almighty's hand.
And now he sees of his own procreation
In his last days a treble generation.
Then finding's vital Sp'rits begin to fail,
And Death ensuing, who would take no Bail,
He calls his Brethren as his Father did,
And then unfolds a Mystery lay hid
Concerning their departure to the place
Promis'd to *Abram* and his following race,
And doth desire that all of them might swear
That they to *Canaan* shall his Body bear
When dead, and lay him in his Fathers Grave,
Which they might find into the *Hittit's* cave.
Here *Joseph* dies, being of a good old Age.
Here *Joseph* dies a chaste and holy Sage.

Here

Here Joseph leaves his Pharaoh and departs,
Here Joseph leaves his Friends with grieved hearts
Here with him dies all Jacobs Off-springs glory,
In Egypt, and the Period of his Story.

W M C A V Y C O M P A N Y F I N I S.

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